PLAYBOY

JANUARY 50 cents

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

HOLIDAY ISSUE

FIVE PAGE PLAYMATE REVIEW

NEW FICTION, SATIRE AND ARTICLES BY JOHN COLLIER, ROBERT GRAVES, RICHARD GEHMAN, A. C. SPECTORSKY, JEROME WEIDMAN AND RAY RUSSELL

MORE "TEEVEE JEEBIES" BY SILVERSTEIN

CARTOON HUMOR BY JULES FEIFFER, JACK COLE, ARNOLD ROTH, JACK DAVIS, ALDEN ERIKSON AND GAHAN WILSON

To introduce you to THE RCA

ANY FIVE for only $3.98

. . . if you agree to buy six albums from the Club during the next 12 months

THIS exciting new plan offers you the finest stereo or hi-fi music being recorded today—**for far less money than you would normally pay.** It helps you build your record library carefully, confidently, completely.

You save up to 40% with this introductory offer alone. After the trial membership, if you continue, you will **save about one third** of the manufacturer's nationally advertised price through the Club's Record-Dividend Plan. This plan lets you choose a **free** regular L.P. or stereo album with every two you buy from the Club.

Every month you are offered a wide variety of albums (up to 200 a year). One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate—or nothing at all—simply state your wishes on a form always provided. For regular L.P. albums you will pay the nationally advertised price—usually $3.98, at times $4.98. For stereo albums you will pay the nationally advertised price of $4.98, at times $5.98 (plus—in all cases—a small charge for postage and handling).

1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita.*

2. Hottest album of year! All-star modern "mood" jazz — combo and big band—from NBC-TV series. *Fallout!*, more.

3. Blues types, rhythm backing. *Hallelujah I Love Her So, One for My Baby, Fare Thee Well, God Bless the Child.*

11. Miller-styled modern repertoire, Ray McKinley. *Birdland, On the Street Where You Live, Mine, Anything Goes.*

12. New remakes of their biggest hits. *Jalousie, Skaters Waltz, Liebestraum, Ritual Fire Dance, España Rhapsody.*

13. Dancing, listening delight. Sunny piano-with-rhythm medleys of fox trots, waltzes, hndys, by Porter, Kern, etc.

ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33⅓ R.P.M.

21. Cha chas, hot and cool, by Prado's crackling big band. *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee,* 9 more.

22. Broadway's newest star sings the big songs from *Flower Drum Song, My Fair Lady, The Music Man,* etc.—12 in all.

23. Cha-cha versions of top Latin tunes: *Fernesi, Yours, Perfidia, Brazil, Tampico, Cuban Pete, Port-au-Pleasure,* others.

24. 12 top favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Dinner, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine,* more.

25. Absolutely the last word in sound, performance—the greatest *Gaîté* of all! Gayne excerpts include the *Sabre Dance.*

26. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango.*

27. 12 dance-mood specials by famed Trio plus strings: *I'll Get By, I'm in the Mood for Love, Melancholy Baby,* 9 more.

35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterdays, Bewitched, The Thrill Is Gone, Summertime,* more.

36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons.*

37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*

38. Standards plus special material, fun-filled ad libs, sassy Billy May scorings. *Isle of Capri, Hindustan, Brazil,* etc.

39. 12 airy dance specials. *Once in Love with Amy, That Old Feeling, Dream Boat, Midnight Sun, Heartaches,* others.

TEAR OUT THIS POSTAGE-FREE CARD
—fill it in and mail it today. You'll receive your five albums by return mail.

58. 16 timeless spirituals. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, Dry Bones, Every Time I Feel the Spirit, Sit Down, Servant,* more.

59. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves,* 12 in all.

61. Singalogue by country pop star. *Kentucky Babe, Idaho, Georgia on My Mind, Carolina in the Morning, Indiana,* etc.

62. Tender love songs and ballads. *Fifteen* (theme of *The World, the Flesh and the Devil*), *Delia's Gone,* 10 others.

63. An oriental orchestra feast! Colorful sounds magnificently recorded. Voluptuous, melodious, familiar themes.

65. The dancing-listening surprise package of the year. Swing beat, modern sound. *Bubbles, Bangles and Beads,* etc.

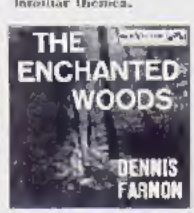
66. Dozen happy hops and waltzes. *Pass Ja Dass? Polka, Laughing Sailor, Ginger Polka, Mandolina Waltz,* others.

74. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together, Girl of My Dreams, Would You?*

78. TV emcee Troup's relaxed singing with top jazz stars Benny Carter, Bud Shank, Conte Condoli, etc. Danceable, too.

79. Teen-age rock-and-roll singer-songwriter's hit versions of *I Go Ape, The Diary,* other originals —*Stupid Cupid,* etc.

80. Aged-in-the-jazzwood vocals of *Memphis Blues, My Melancholy Baby, Someday You'll Be Sorry,* more.



83. Gorgeous sound, dreamy dance fare with woodwinds and rhythm. *I Hear a Rhapsody, You Are Too Beautiful,* etc.

88. Soft, intimate jazz with Tyree Glenn, Hank Jones, bassist Bell featured. *All the Way, The Party's Over, Love Nest.*

89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety.*

VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

EITHER STEREO or REGULAR L.P.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES TOTAL UP TO $29.90

4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M., Gaynor, R. Brazzi.

5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.

6. 18 evergreens. *It Could Happen to You, Love Letters, When I Fall in Love, Birth of the Blues, You Made Me Love You.*

7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.

8. Brand-new production of Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Gogi Grant, Howard Keel and Anne Jeffreys.

9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*

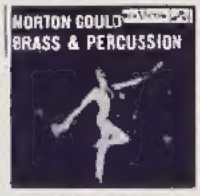
10. Lanza's latest and greatest—12 Italian favorites: *Funiculi' Funicula', Santa Lucia, Maria Mari', Voce 'e notte.*

14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own,* etc.

15. Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Tales from the Vienna Woods, Wiener Blut.*

16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers,* etc.

17. On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In—Day Out* plus *It's All Right with Me, Mood Indigo, Honeysuckle Rose.*



18. 17 swaggering marches: *El Capitan, Semper Fidelis, On the Mall, On Parade, Washington Post, Jubilee.*

19. Lush rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, Peanut Vendor,* etc.

20. His 12 biggest, newly remade. *Green Eyes, Linda Mujer, Adios, Oye Negra, Baia, Mambo No. 5, Night Must Fall,* etc.

28. 12 plush, romantic mood setters for a bachelor apartment—*Pretty Baby, Thou Swell, Let's Put Out the Lights,* etc.

29. Big band, fat beat. 12 varied dance favorites by college prom king. *Margie, Sleepy Time Gal, I'll Be Around, Cherry.*

30. Colorful pipes, drums, Black Watch Band in a sonic treat! Marches, folk favorites plus Harry Lauder medley.

31. Handsome production of Straus operetta stars Risë Stevens, Robert Merrill, Jo Sullivan. *My Hero, Sympathy,* etc.

32. Liquid sounds from Hammond organ. *Over the Rainbow, Ebb Tide, Sweet Leilani, Jalousie, Moonlight Cocktail,* 7 others.

33. Rich baritone of the Billy Graham Crusade sings *God Will Take Care of You, My Saviour's Love, God Is So Good.*

34. Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere, familiar songs, virile singing. Different! *Red River Valley,* 10 more.

42. Suave, modern big-band jazz: top West Coast stars. *Chances Are, Everybody Loves a Lover* plus 10 other recent hits.

47. Happy honky-tonk piano versions of *My Gal Sal, Side by Side, Ace in the Hole, Hello Ma Baby, Charmaine,* 7 more.

48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmoke Suite; Annals, of Course;* more.

50. Lerner & Loewe (writers of *My Fair Lady*) Academy Award winning score. Stars Gogi Grant and Tony Martin.

52. Mighty pipe-organ sounds, colors, plus 24 favorites by Gershwin, Friml, Youmans, Rodgers, Romberg, others.

54. 15 strutting marches by diverse composers. *Colonel Bogey, 76 Trombones, March of the Toys, Yankee Doodle, Dixie.*

55. 12 other-worldish scorings for modern big band, piano, singers. *Granada, Begin the Beguine, Night and Day.*

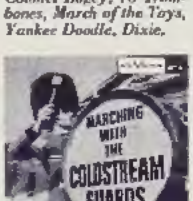
67. Most unusual, exotic album of 1959. SOUND-moonscapes of oriental humor, romance, intrigue. 11 offbeat treats.

68. 12 soul satisfiers by the *Oh Lonesome Me* star. New ones include *Faith Unlocks the Door, My God Is Real,* etc.

69. His biggest hits re-recorded in hi fi. *There, I've Said It Again; Riders in the Sky; Racing with the Moon; Battering;* etc.

IMPORTANT—PLEASE NOTE

REGULAR (monaural) long playing records can be played on stereophonic phonographs; in fact, they will sound better than ever. However, stereophonic records are designed to be played **ONLY ON STEREOPHONIC EQUIPMENT.**



70. 14 thrillingly hi-fi marches by Britain's finest regimental band. *The Thin Red Line, Fame and Glory, Scipio,* lots more.

73. Remakes of the band's biggest hits. *Hot Toddy, My Hero, Where or When, Street of Dreams, Penthouse Serenade,* etc.

90. Crack quartet sings 12 many-mooded hits. *Lazy River, My Blue Heaven, Pretend, J'Attendrai, Shine,* etc.

91. 8 sections from Richard Rodgers' dramatic TV score. De luxe package includes bound-in booklet, photos.

94. Great tenor's favorite pop specials: *Bluebird of Happiness, Granada, Because, I Believe, Around the World,* etc.

95. Exotic, rhythmic, flamenco variety show with guitars, singers, castanets, heel-clicking Spanish dancers, etc.

97. Gershwin plays his own *Rhapsody in Blue* in hi-fi! Also vintage piano rolls by Fats Waller, Zez Confrey and others.

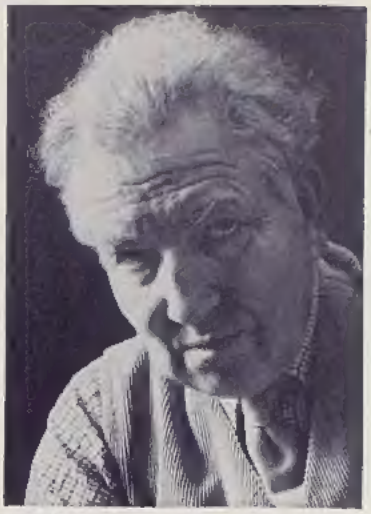
96. Do it yourself! Conduct light classics. Real baton, instructions included. *Sabre Dance,* Strauss waltzes, others.

100. Two super-stars render 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. The best-selling version.

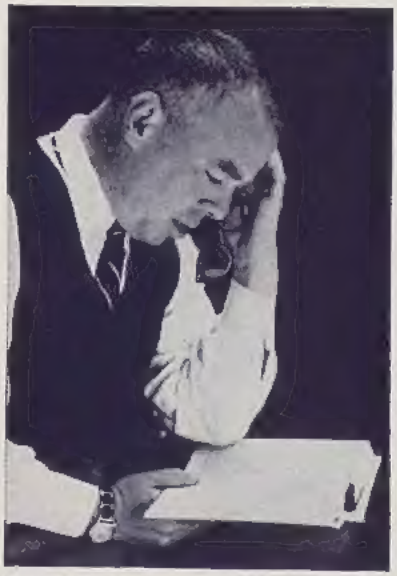
PLAYBOY, JANUARY, 1960, VOL. 7, NO. 1. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., $5 FOR ONE YEAR.

RUSSELL

WEIDMAN



GRAVES



COLLIER

PLAYBILL

IN REVERSE ALPHABETICAL order (to give the guys at the end of the line a break for a change), the 1959 roster of PLAYBOY writers included Maurice Zolotow, P. G. Wodehouse, Meredith Willson, John Wallace, H. Allen Smith, Henry Slesar, Max Shulman, Robert Sheckley, John Sack, Theodor Reik, Ken Purdy, Roger Price, Al Morgan, Alberto Moravia, Richard Matheson, Leonard Lyons, Jack Kerouac, Ben Hecht, Marion Hargrove, Herbert Gold, Ralph Ginzburg, J. P. Donleavy, Avram Davidson, Roald Dahl, Noel Clad, T. K. Brown III, Charles Beaumont, Richard Armour, Hollis Alpert — and these are just a handful of standout names from a uniquely standout year. Once again, therefore, The Editorial We have been scratching Our Editorial Head in an effort to decide who will be the recipients of PLAYBOY's Annual Best Fiction and Non-Fiction Bonuses. Eschewing further suspense-building, let's plunge right into the payoff:

John Wallace gets a check for $1000 for his beautiful story of youthful ardor, *I Love You, Miss Irvine* (March) and another thousand clams go to Ralph Ginzburg for his authorship of that deeply probing article about senility in high places, *Cult of the Aged Leader* (August).

Ring out the old, ring in the new: 1960 starts with a burst of fireworks by some outrageously gifted gentlemen. Robert Graves, for instance. This patriarchal denizen of Majorca — poet, novelist, essayist, translator, mythologist — famed for *I, Claudius; The Golden Ass of Apuleius; They Hanged My Saintly Billy* — contributes the amusing, atmospheric *Case of the Difficult Husband* to this, our Holiday Issue.

Jerome Weidman — author, among many other successes, of the current Broadway hit *Fiorello!* — has written for PLAYBOY an absorbing story of a thinking man's love philtre, entitled, for simplicity's sake, *The Love Philtre.*

John Collier, from the grandeur of his Riviera estate, at our invitation has entrusted to the mails a sardonic little gem with Paris as its setting. He calls it *Softly Walks the Beetle.* You'll like it.

The refulgent names don't stop there. John Sack, Richard Gehman, A. C. Spectorsky, Shel Silverstein, Ray Russell are all on hand, too. Sack's piece is about *graffiti* (foreign and domestic, old and new) and it's called *The Handwriting on the Wall.* Gehman's *Heavy, Heavy Hangover Thy Head* offers reasons and remedies for holiday mornings-after. Spectorsky, back at his typewriter from a holiday in the Caribbean, has given us the evocative and serviceable essay, *Jamaica.* Silverstein, whose *Teevee Jeebies* proved overwhelmingly popular, has whomped up *More Teevee Jeebies.* Russell's warped and twisted mind (his face is also warped and twisted in a distorting mirror on this page) has given birth to a wild lampoon called *The Girl with the Teleprompter Heart.*

On the Scene: a *Dogpatch Playmate*; Tom Mario on holiday hors d'oeuvres; attire; jokes; cartoons . . . have yourself a swinging new year.

THE EDITORS
OF PLAYBOY
PROUDLY PRESENT

TWO EXTRAORDINARY VOLUMES OF ENTERTAINMENT

THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY

Edited by Ray Russell; published by Crown Publishers, Inc. All the best fiction, the most provocative articles, the most amusing humor and satire from PLAYBOY's first half-dozen years together in one handsome hard-cover book. By such outstanding writers as NELSON ALGREN, CHARLES BEAUMONT, RAY BRADBURY, ERSKINE CALDWELL, JOHN COLLIER, ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE, HERBERT GOLD, BEN HECHT, JAMES JONES, JOHN KEATS, JACK KEROUAC, GERALD KERSH, SHEPHERD MEAD, BUDD SCHULBERG, H. ALLEN SMITH, ROBERT PAUL SMITH, JOHN STEINBECK, P. G. WODEHOUSE, PHILIP WYLIE, etc. 49 great pieces in all, including all-time favorites like *The Fly, The Pious Pornographers, The Beat Mystique, The Distributor, Bird, The Postpaid Poet, Victory Parade, The Noise, What's Become of Your Creature?, Black Country,* and many more.

THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM

Edited by Hugh M. Hefner; published by Crown Publishers, Inc. Here, in one dazzling cornucopia of fun and color, are all the most sophisticated, audacious, outrageous, funniest cartoons from PLAYBOY's first half-dozen years. This handsome hard-cover book includes the freshest, most provocative cartoon wit being created in America today. Contributors include JACK COLE, JACK DAVIS, JOHN DEMPSEY, JULES FEIFFER, PHIL INTERLANDI, GARDNER REA, ARNOLD ROTH, SHEL SILVERSTEIN, CLAUDE SMITH, TON SMITS, ERIC SOKOL, AL STINE, R. TAYLOR, GAHAN WILSON, and many others. 650 cartoons—more than 60 in full color—hand-picked for uninhibited, unparalleled good times. For brow-to-brow browsing, for enlivening a soirée, for purely private enjoyment, this treasure-trove of PLAYBOY humor simply cannot be topped.

SPECIAL GIFT EDITIONS
FOR PLAYBOY READERS ONLY

For no advance in price, readers of this magazine can order attractive, specially boxed editions of THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY and THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM, beautifully packaged in sturdy, crystal-clear plastic. These specially boxed editions make a perfect gift. They will not be sold in book stores, are available only through the Playboy Book Dept.

Please send me these special de luxe editions:

____ copies of THE PERMANENT PLAYBOY at $5 per copy

____ copies of THE PLAYBOY CARTOON ALBUM at $5 per copy

$ ____ enclosed in check or money order.

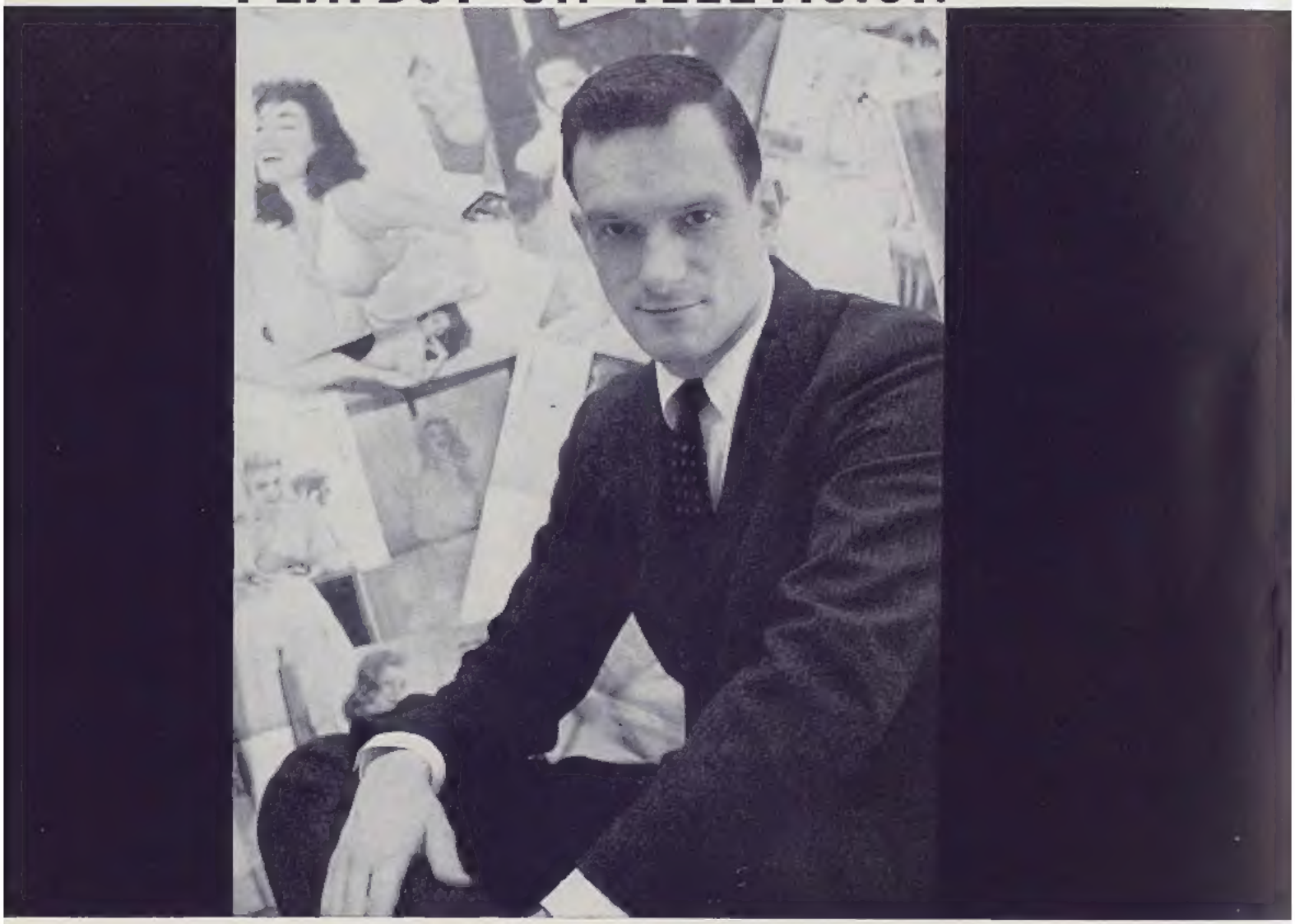
name _____

address _____

city zone state

PLAYBOY Book Dept.
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

PLAYBOY ON TELEVISION



Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner hosts a night of conversation, variety and entertainment each week on TV and you are invited to join him in PLAYBOY'S PENTHOUSE where, in swank surroundings high above the city's throng, you'll meet the stars of show business, famous authors and artists, celebrities and, of course, PLAYBOY's lovely Playmates of the Month. You'll enjoy hip humor and jazz and a behind-the-scenes view of America's most sophisticated magazine.

PLAYBOY'S PENTHOUSE

SATURDAY • 11:30 PM CHICAGO • WBKB • 7

CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS FOR TIME AND STATION IN YOUR AREA

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

LIKE YOUNG

PLEASE BE ADVISED OF BIRTH OF RICHARD PAUL PROCTOR JUNIOR 6:40 AM THIS DATE AT SIX POUNDS THIRTEEN OUNCES. PAUL PAUTLER, FRIEND OF FAMILY, WISHES TO ASSIST IN PROPER EDUCATION BY GIVING LIFETIME SUBSCRIPTION OF PLAYBOY TO SAME, HOPE HE IS YOUNGEST SUBSCRIBER =

PAUL PAUTLER
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

He is.

THE TASTE OF FEAR

I've read every issue of PLAYBOY since July 1956. Each issue gets better and better but, story-wise, *The Taste of Fear* is your best. Your *very* best. Living in Balboa Beach, home of the stars and 50 miles from Hollywood, I can attest to the authenticity of the yarn. Excuse me — I want to lock my door!

C. Lewis Baltz
Corona del Mar, California

HEART'S DESIRE

Although I cannot agree with your magazine on all points, such as the preseason rating your football "expert" gave Army, I do agree with you wholeheartedly on one point. This concerns the story *The World of Heart's Desire* by Robert Sheckley. The story itself was extremely well written and the 10 full-color illustrations were great!

Joe M. Cannon
West Point, New York

THE MOUNT CLUB (CONT'D)

Has your football forecaster Anson Mount got a crystal ball? I've just reread *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* in last September's issue and compared his prognostications with those in the other national mags, and Mount puts the others to shame. His top 20 teams are by far the most accurate.

Raymond Hammer
St. Louis Park, Missouri

WHO NEEDS

In your *Who Needs* section there are a couple of things I disagree with. Theatre-in-the-round can be fun in small quantities. An occasional novel with more than 300 pages is good. And while I am no great fan, what do you have against Abe Linc...whoops! Raymond Massey?

Jim Meyers
Los Angeles, California

Your new section, *Who Needs*, I thought just fine except the part which says "girls named Billie, Johnnie, Ronnie, Fred." I am in love with a girl named Billie and *I need her*.

J. S. Morrison
San Francisco, California

I know you cater to the rah-rah boys, the beer-drinking, roundelay-singing, Ivy League, three-dollar-bill set, the raccoon-coated campus mushroom people, but when you say *Who Needs* pro football, you have gone too far.

Robert Schwartz
Waukegan, Illinois

DAVID ALLEN

Just finished reading your September *On the Scene* item about David Allen. I remember the time he appeared on the Steve Allen show about a year ago and I have been waiting ever since to see him again. That man definitely has the most unusually rich and mellow voice I have ever had the pleasure of hearing. I predict that, given a good chance, he will be the hottest new singer since Sinatra in two to three years.

Barbara Murray
Yonkers, New York

COVER GIRL

Your October cover is one of the cleverest yet, but who, pray tell, is the remarkable female personage peeking coyly over her shoulder as she shows us how to draw your rabbit? And what are chances of having her for a Playmate in the near future?

Charles Collins
Oak Park, Illinois

The girl is Eleanor Bradley and she made her Playmate appearance last February (see the Playmate Review in this issue). The most remarkable thing to come out of Waukegan since Jack Benny, Eleanor is now a receptionist at the PLAYBOY *Building.*

PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, $14 FOR THREE YEARS, $11 FOR TWO YEARS, $6 FOR ONE YEAR; ELSEWHERE ADD $3 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: MAIN ADVERTISING OFFICE, 232 EAST OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS, MI 2-1000; BRANCH OFFICE, HOWARD LEDERER, EASTERN MANAGER, 720 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK, CI 5-2620; LOS ANGELES REPRESENTATIVE, BLANCHARD-NICHOLS ASSOCIATES, 833 SOUTH WESTMORELAND AVENUE, LOS ANGELES 5, CALIFORNIA, DU 8-6134; SAN FRANCISCO REPRESENTATIVE, BLANCHARD-NICHOLS ASSOCIATES, PHILLIPS AND VAN ORDEN BUILDING, 500 THIRD STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 7, CALIFORNIA, YU 6-6341; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, SOUTHEAST ADVERTISING SALES, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING, MIAMI 32, FLORIDA, FR 1-2105.

MY SIN

. . . a most provocative perfume!

LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

Southern playboys invent new pastime- The Bacardi Party!

BACARDI
ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

Deep in Dixie we uncovered a *new* playboy pastime—The Bacardi Party. It's the essence of simplicity: Guests bring Bacardi, the host supplies the mixings—*as many as he can think of.* (Soda, cola, ginger beer, iced tea, etc., etc.) Fun because Bacardi mixes *very* well with *all* mixers, exotic or simple, Dixie or Yankee.

So we appeal to northern playboys: Do not be outdone. Throw bigger and better Bacardi parties. Your honor is at stake.

Bacardi Imports, Inc., 595 Madison Ave., NY
Rum, 80 proof

THE MOST THRILLING STAGE SHOW YOU'LL EVER SEE!

NOW! *in the Cafe Continental*

LE LIDO DE PARIS
REVUE OF 1960

★ ENJOY LAS VEGAS LUXURY AT ECONOMY PRICES... AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST RESORT HOTEL

Fun around the clock! Superlative food! Two Olympic-size swimming pools! Smart shops! Stellar entertainment in the Stardust Lounge! All the luxury and fun for which Las Vegas is famous...at prices that will delight you!

1295 DELUXE ROOMS
800 ROOMS AT $7 to $13
AT-YOUR-DOOR PARKING

Ask about Stardust PACKAGE TOUR $26.00
3 Days • 2 Nights
(Consult your travel agent)

COMPLETE CONVENTION FACILITIES
for groups of 10 to 1,200

Stay at The Stardust To Make Sure You Get Your Show Reservations.

STARDUST Hotel
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Hotel guests given preference

PHONE, WIRE, OR WRITE FOR RESERVATIONS

LIQUOROUS LADIES

Re: liquor advertisements and girls in the September *Playboy After Hours:* Reporter Jim Bishop recently told about Mary Ellen McGregor, a tiny, silver-haired 74-year-old woman who several years ago appeared in a court in Liverpool, England, for the 500th time on a public intoxication charge. The magistrate gasped when her record was read, but obviously being of the same opinion as the Distilled Spirits Institute—"the social use of alcoholic beverages at mixed parties has become an accepted part of gracious living"—he commented: "We have no flags to put out here, but I am going to discharge you in commemoration of your notorious record."

Joseph Charles Salak
Chicago, Illinois

KITCHENLESS KITCHEN

My wife and I are very enthusiastic about your *Kitchenless Kitchen.* We both enjoy PLAYBOY; in fact I have your first issue.

Robert Althoff
Xenia, Ohio

Your *Kitchenless Kitchen* is dandy, but whose lexicon d'ye use? A brace of Rock Cornish birds is *never* a triumvirate. Brace means "two."

Carolyn Frieber
New York, New York

Dug the beauty of your *Kitchenless Kitchen,* but couldn't help wondering what happens when the urban bachelor hauls out the large economy box of Brillo and starts cleaning 12 appliances, each with special cleaning instructions. Or maybe a tricky little blonde maid comes with the *Kitchenless Kitchen?*

Louis Morgan
Wausau, Wisconsin

You guessed it.

NYMPHET

I read in your *Playmate* magazine about starting a Playmate club. I think that would be fun, so I'm going to try it. You said something about sending membership cards and a book telling you how to start your club. I wondered if they were free? If they are, please send them to me. If not, please write to me and I will send the money.

Sharon Wallace (age 10)
Springfield, Ohio

You have the wrong magazine, sweetie, but if you still want to join a Playmate club eight or nine years from now, let us know. We think it would be fun, too.

UNMELANCHOLY DANE

Well, here is a little "hello" to you from Denmark. I'm a very keen reader of the PLAYBOY, the best magazine I've ever seen. Every month I look forward to the day when I'm able to get the new issue, and believe me, I have not yet

1. Also: Let It Rain, Stairway to the Sea, Flame of Love, etc.

STEREO RECORDS *for every musical taste!*

5. A Night on Bald Mountain, Steppes of Central Asia, etc.

6. Bess, You Is My Woman Now; It Ain't Necessarily So; etc.

17. Over the Rainbow, Night and Day, Easy to Love, 9 more

34. "... the music is all extraordinary" —Boston Daily Record

32. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic

10. A brilliant new performance of this popular concerto

13. But Not for Me, Fascinatin' Rhythm, Man I Love, 9 more

2. 1001 hi-fi delights. "...top-notch sound" — Billboard

9. Sweet Adeline, For Me and My Gal, Pretty Baby, 13 more

15. An exciting array of 16 classical and popular selections

18. Rain in Spain, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc.

COLUMBIA (LP) RECORD CLUB offers new members

ANY SIX

of these 12" long-playing STEREO records

FOR ONLY $4.98

Retail Value up to $35.88

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 150 to be made available during the coming 12 months

11. Also: Blessed Are They That Mourn, Come Ye Saints, etc.

24. "Musical excitement that's hard to beat" — Variety

56. Serenade in Blue, Willow Weep for Me, 9 others

3. Stella by Starlight, Pacific Sunset, Yesterdays, 9 others

25. Superbly played by one of Europe's finest orchestras

40. I Miss You So, Speak Low, Time After Time, 9 more

36. A musical landscape . . . "spacious, noble" —HighFidelity

26. Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, Don't Worry 'bout Me, 9 more

47. Solitude, Where or When, Dancing in the Dark, 5 more

49. One of the most melodically beautiful of all symphonies

30. Alexander's Ragtime Band, Cheek to Cheek, Always, etc.

19. Tales from the Vienna Woods, Blue Danube, 8 others

12. Londonderry Air, Shenandoah, 11 more folksong favorites

22. "Enormous talent and technique" —Chicago News

4. Wild Man Blues, Fine and Mellow, I Left My Baby, 5 more

37. "Most exciting recording of this work" —Time

14. "No symphony like it . . . incomparable" — Olin Downes

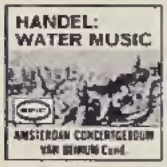
7. One Kiss, Will You Remember, Song of Love, 9 more

29. Three of the Master's favorite chamber works

31. You've Changed, Body and Soul, I Got It Bad, 9 others

35. "One of the great, great albums" —San Francisco Examiner

58. Come to Me, That Old Feeling, Long Ago, 9 more



8. "Beautiful...lingering brilliance" — Chicago Tribune

39. Tico-Tico, My Shawl, Besame Mucho, 9 others

AN EXCITING NEW OFFER FROM THE WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD CLUB

If you now own a stereo phonograph, or plan to purchase one in the near future—here is a unique opportunity to obtain ANY SIX of these brand-new stereo records for only $4.98!

TO RECEIVE 6 STEREO RECORDS FOR $4.98 — fill in and mail the coupon now. Be sure to indicate which one of the Club's two musical Divisions you wish to join: Stereo Classical or Stereo Popular.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding recordings from every field of music. These selections are described in the Club's entertaining Music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division, take any other records offered (classical or popular), or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only obligation as a member is to purchase five selections from the more than 150 Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming 12 months . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time thereafter.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY: If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing five records, you will receive a Columbia or Epic stereo Bonus record of your choice free for every two selections you buy — a 50% dividend.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of $4.98 (Classical and Original Cast selections, $5.98), plus a small mailing and handling charge. **MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!**

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo phonograph

COLUMBIA (LP) RECORD CLUB Terre Haute, Indiana

SEND NO MONEY — Mail coupon to receive 6 stereo records for $4.98

COLUMBIA (LP) RECORD CLUB, Dept. 203-1
Stereophonic Section, Terre Haute, Indiana

I accept your offer and have circled at the right the numbers of the six records I wish to receive for $4.98, plus small mailing and handling charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

☐ Stereo Classical ☐ Stereo Popular

I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 150 records to be offered during the coming 12 months, at regular list price plus small mailing and handling charge. For every two *additional* selections I accept, I am to receive a 12" Columbia or Epic stereo Bonus record of my choice FREE.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....ZONE.....State.....

ALASKA and HAWAII: write for special membership plan
CANADA: address 1111 Leslie St., Don Mills, Ontario

If you want this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in below:

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....21

CIRCLE 6 NUMBERS:

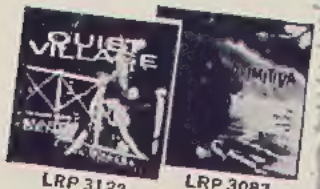
1	13	31
2	14	33
3	15	34
4	17	35
5	18	36
6	19	37
7	22	39
8	24	40
9	25	47
10	26	49
11	29	50
12	30	56

P-BC

® "Columbia," (LP), "Epic," ® Marcas Reg. © Columbia Records Sales Corp., 1959

the ABC's of Exotic Music

Afrodesia
Bewitching
Captivating
Denny, Martin
Exotica I, II, III
Forbidden Island
Glittering
Hypnotique
Intoxicating
Joyful
Kaleidoscopic
Luxuriant
Martin Denny



Novel
Original
Primitiva
Quiet Village
Rapturous
Scintillating
Tantalizing
Unique
Vivacious
Wonderful
Xotica (worth repeating)
Martin Denny
Zesty

Also Available in Stereo
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG DEPT. P-1

LIBERTY
LOS ANGELES 28, CALIF.

been disappointed. I like the articles, the pictures! Well, it's easier for me to say that I like everything in the PLAYBOY.

Jorn V. Hansen
Horsens, Denmark

COLE REMEMBERED

I would like to congratulate you on the publishing of *Cole Remembered*. Jack Cole was without a doubt one of the most distinctive American cartoonists of our time. I have always looked forward to his cartoon each month. It was good to laugh again at his humor.

Harlan S. Singer
Director of Television
WNHC
New Haven, Connecticut

". . . Creative men are not at all like old soldiers; for though they may die, they never fade away." What a wonderful way to pay homage to Jack Cole.

Bill Carter
Bellwood, Illinois

I found your Cole eulogy extremely funny — probably one of the nicest tributes one can pay to a cartoonist. For my money, you can repeat every cartoon Cole ever drew.

Roger E. Axtell
Janesville, Wisconsin

SVENGALI

I think Al Morgan's *Svengali of the Silver Screen* was terrific, as were the pix of Kim Novak.

Jeff Bowen
Arcadia, California

Al Morgan's *Svengali of the Silver Screen* was a fine, well-written article, with a resounding, provocative title — but what does the word "svengali" mean? I've searched, probed, asked everybody I know, and drawn a blank.

M. Wirth
American Embassy
Tripoli, Lybia

Even on the shores of Tripoli, you should be familiar with Svengali, the beady-eyed mesmerist of George du Maurier's novel "Trilby," whose eerie entrepreneuring turned a tone-deaf trollop into a concert star. He was the 19th Century Harry Cohn.

I'm the professional dog-mimic you wrote up in *Playboy After Hours* recently, and my home is Hollywood. I worked some years ago at Harry Cohn's studio, Columbia, and became acquainted with two of the department heads. I had occasion to attend holiday parties at the homes of both these men, and do you know what they both had pasted inside the john lids in their bathrooms? Harry Cohn's *mimeographed* holiday greeting to his employees! It goes without saying that I enjoyed Morgan's Cohn article immensely.

Walter J. Scheibel
Beverly Hills, California

Viking performance is PEAK performance

The requirements for truly high-fidelity tape recording (monaural or stereo) are easily delineated. They are:

A linear transport.
High quality heads (laminated, for high recording level without saturation).
A clean recording amplifier.
Critically adjusted recording bias.

All Viking decks meet professional requirements for minimum flutter and wow.

All Viking decks are factory equipped with *laminated* recording heads.

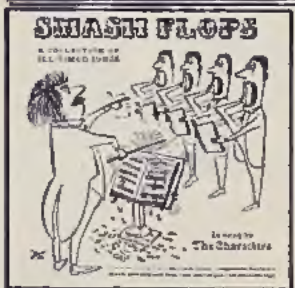
Viking recording amplifiers feature do-it-yourself "peaking adjustments" — for that *engineer's touch* that marks the difference between just another recording and a master tape.

Write for Viking's "Here's How — Of Better Tape Recording."

9600 ALDRICH AVENUE SOUTH
MINNEAPOLIS 20, MINNESOTA

Viking OF MINNEAPOLIS

EXPORT DIVISION: 23 Warren St., New York 7, N. Y.
Cable- SIMONTRICE, NEW YORK (All Codes)



A Collection of Hilarious Ill-Timed Songs
A Must for Slightly Warped Play Boys

SMASH FLOPS

Recorded in High Fidelity. 12 songs that might have been hits except for ironic twists of fate:

"LITTLE ROCK, THAT ALL AMERICAN TOWN," "WE'RE DEPENDING ON YOU, GENERAL CUSTER," "WHEN THE HINDENBURG LANDS TODAY," "CONGRATULATIONS, TOM DEWEY," "BON VOYAGE TITANIC," "GOOD JOB, WELL DONE, NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN," "THE CONFEDERATE VICTORY SONG," and lesser known songs.

Send $4.98 by check or money order to:

PIP RECORDS
1350 N. Highland Ave., Hollywood 28, Calif.
No stamps or C.O.D.'s accepted.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WORLD'S FINEST

THE CONTAMINATORS

I admire your editorial on Strontium 90 very much indeed. It's very encouraging to me that you have not used the obvious escapes from editorial responsibility.

David Riesman
Harvard University
Department of Social Relations
Cambridge, Massachusetts

I am eager to congratulate you on your editorial *The Contaminators*. Short of peace, itself, there is no more important matter in the world. Your recognition of a direct obligation to inform your readers on the subject is a heartening demonstration of responsive and effective publishing.

Norman Cousins, Editor
Saturday Review
New York, York York

I have just read your editorial on Strontium 90. It seems to me that it is a good statement of the situation so far as I know the situation. I am particularly impressed with your emphasis on our ignorance of the results, which is a much better approach, it seems to me, than the usual positive statements on one side or the other.

Barnaby C. Keeney, President
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

Some years ago "playboy" was a dirty word. But if you fellows who wrote *The Contaminators* are playboys, then I say we should have more playboys and less lawmakers!

Virginia Nash, R N
Atchison, Kansas

I am very glad indeed that PLAYBOY published *The Contaminators*. I hope the world will make up its mind in time to the fact that governments are putting us all in jeopardy.

Lord Bertrand Russell
Merioneth, Wales

I would be happier if you would specialize in being amusing, and leave all the great causes to *The Daily Worker* and other so-called "peace" organs.

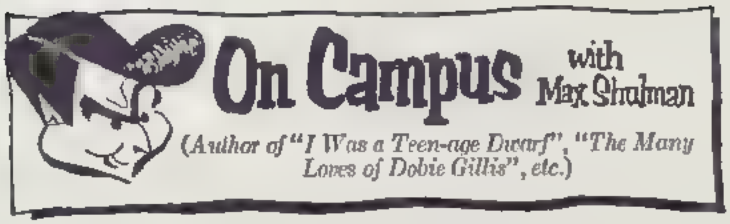
A. M. Shelton, M D
Haysville, Kansas

I found your editorial on the dangers of Strontium 90 hysterical and uninformed.

William F. Buckley, Jr.
New York, New York

Readers unfamiliar with Mr. Buckley's work should know that he is the author of "God and Man at Yale," co-author of "McCarthy and His Enemies," and one of the editors of "National Review," a journal of conservative opinion.

Your editorial, *The Contaminators*, reached new journalistic heights. It is



DIARY OF A COED

MONDAY: Prof. Pomfritt sprang quiz in English lit this morning. If Shakespeare didn't write *Canterbury Tales* I'm a dead duck . . . Lunch at the house—turkey hash. Question: how can we have turkey hash when we never had turkey? . . . Smoked a Marlboro after lunch. I dig those better makin's the most! . . . Played bridge with sorors in afternoon. When game was over, my partner stabbed me several times with hatpin. *Must* learn weak club bid . . . Dinner at house—lamb hash. Question: how can we have lamb hash when we never had lamb? . . . Smoked a Marlboro after dinner. What filter! What flavor! What pack or box! . . . Chapter meeting at night. Motion made to abolish capital punishment for pledges. Motion defeated . . . Smoked more Marlboros. *Quelle joie!* . . . And so to bed.

TUESDAY: Faculty tea at the house. Spilled pot of oolong on Dean of Women. She very surly. Offered her a Marlboro. Still surly. Offered skin graft. No help . . . Dinner at Kozy Kampus Kafe—24 hamburgers. But no dessert. Have to watch waistline . . . And so to bed.

WEDNESDAY. Got our marks in English lit quiz. Lucky for me Shakespeare wrote *Canterbury Tales!* . . . Afternoon date with Ralph Feldspar. Purely platonic. Ralph wanted to consult me about love trouble he's having with his girl, Nymphet Calloway. I assured him things would get better. Ralph said he certainly hopes so because last four times he called on Nymphet, she dumped vacuum cleaner bag on him . . . Smoked several Marlboros. Wonderful cigarette. No confusion about which end to light. Saves loads of time . . . Dinner at house—bread. That's all, just bread . . . And so to bed.

THURSDAY: Three packages from home—laundry, cookies, records. So hungry I ate all three . . . Quiz in American history. If Millard Fillmore didn't invent cotton gin, I'm in big trouble . . . Dinner at house. Big excitement—Nymphet Calloway announced her engagement to Ralph Feldspar. While sorors flocked around to congratulate Nymphet, I ate everybody's side meat . . . Then smoked Marlboro. Oh, what a piece of work is Marlboro! . . . And so to bed.

FRIDAY: Got our marks in American history quiz. Was shattered to learn that Millard Fillmore did not invent cotton gin. He wrote *Canterbury Tales* . . . How very odd! . . . Lunch at the house—bread hash . . . Marlboro after lunch. Great smoke. Must send valentine to manufacturers . . . Spent entire afternoon getting dressed for date tonight with Norman Twonkey. Norman is dull, dark, loaded—a perfect doll! Only thing wrong is he never tells a girl where he's going to take her. So I put on a bathing suit, on top of that an evening gown, and on top of that a snowsuit. Thus I was ready for a splash party, a dance, or a toboggan slide . . . So what do you think happened? He entered me in a steeplechase, that's what! . . . Would have taken first prize easily if I hadn't pulled up lame in the last furlong . . . And so to bed.

© 1959 Max Shulman

* * *

Yes, the college life is a busy one and you may be having trouble choosing the cigarette that's right for you. Here's a handy guide: For filter plus flavor—Marlboro. For flavor without filter—Philip Morris. For filter plus flavor plus coolness—Alpine . . . All made by the sponsors of this column.

indeed a tribute to PLAYBOY that its editors take a strong stand on an issue where the so-called bulwarks of editorial conservatism fail. It is high time something is done about the apathy of the general public. Perhaps it is the calling of the playboys, those who like the better things in life, to take the offense in this fight against those whose only aim is apparently to destroy mankind.

P. John Breukelman
Tucson, Arizona

P.S. I happen to be Treasurer of the Young Republicans Club here in Tucson.

I just finished reading *The Contaminators*. I know that more complete displays of sheer stupidity *have* appeared in magazines before; I just can't recall any of them right now.

Thomas M. Mustin
U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland

In the interest of maintaining our American way of life, someone must decide whether testing a nuclear bomb will save more lives than it will destroy. We can hope and pray that the leading scientists and statesmen are completely informed and that they make the proper decision for us in the generations to come.

Lloyd C. Ferguson, Dean
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

Your editorial statement on Strontium 90 is well stated and should certainly result in some thoughtful contemplation by your readers.

Senator Hubert H. Humphrey
Committee on Foreign Relations
Washington, D.C.

It was really touching to find such an earnest warning in a popular American magazine like PLAYBOY. I myself, along with most Japanese scientists, have long been eagerly engaged in the task of making people know the danger due to Strontium 90 and other radioactive elements that are the result of nuclear tests.

Iwago Ogawa
St. Paul's University
Tokyo, Japan

The Contaminators is one of the most commendable acts of responsible editorship to appear in the American press in a long time.

Herbert H. Fisher
Robinson and Fisher Law Offices
Chicago, Illinois

Bless you for PLAYBOY and its delicious Playmates, but most of all for *The Contaminators*.

Adrian S. Price
Executive Vice President
The Wexton Company, Inc.
New York, New York

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

With a pride we trust is pardonable, we'd like to make an important announcement: in a very few weeks, PLAYBOY will launch a private key club titled, naturally enough, The Playboy Club. It will be an attempt to project the plush and romantic mood of the magazine into a private club of good fellows interested in the better, more pleasurable aspects of life; as PLAYBOY has gained the reputation of being the most sophisticated among journals, so, we hope and expect, will The Playboy Club be known in its field. It will have the warmth, the intimacy and the fun of a private cocktail party, with fine food and drink and entertainment and, of course, numberless beautiful women—many of them Playmates from past issues of the magazine. The first club will close its door for business (we can't say "open" for business because the club door will *always* be locked) in Chicago, but there will soon be others in major cities throughout the country. The limited membership will be drawn from the most aware and affluent group in each community, at an assessment of $50 per member. The fee assures membership for life and the key that will open Playboy Club doors everywhere throughout the world. For, as the clubs multiply, each lock will be precisely the same, and a member's key will fit whether he is in Chicago, San Francisco, New York or Paris. Behind that door, he will find a quality of service and personal attention that he can never receive in a public place—the chance to enjoy the good and gracious living depicted each month in this publication. We'll bring you reports from time to time on the development and doings of the clubs. Those interested in additional information should direct inquiries to The Playboy Club, c/o PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.

•

Under "Help Wanted—Male" in the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, *Patriot*: "Time and Motion Study Man. Good salary with good future. Apply Bali Bra."

•

Harry Purvis, collector of cinematic clichés, is now putting reverse English on them. This way:

"For your information, mister, I was hired to make love to the customers. My contract says nothing about singing."

"You should wear glasses all the time, Miss Jones. Without them you're even uglier."

"I know it isn't much, darling, but I don't want you to have it."

"Our boy's hurt bad, Marthy—real bad—and the nearest doctor's right next door."

"I've been decent all my life, Sally. You're the first rotten thing that's happened to me."

"Darling, isn't it about time we stopped being serious, and started playing games?"

"The hour grows late, and the others have not yet returned. I tell you, Princess Anne, I like the looks of this."

"Hurry!—upstairs!—in the bedroom! A girl's body!—alive!"

•

Sign in the New York City office of a publicity agent, in big type: "THERE ARE OTHER THINGS BESIDES MONEY." Beneath this adage, in small type: "*hunger . . . misery . . . poverty.*"

•

Almost every occupation has its jargon, and the advertising salesman's is no exception. Comes now an official translation of salesmanese for anyone who ever has to read a sales report:

"We are very high in the minds of all concerned."

Translation: *They complained about our rates.*

"I had my usual four rounds of sparring with John."

Translation: *You'll find all four rounds on the expense account.*

"He was extremely interested in our jumbo presentation."

Translation: *He said, "How much does that thing weigh?"*

"He was very interested in our statistics."

Translation: *He asked me if I had any hot numbers for him.*

"He wouldn't commit himself about buying, as far as the immediate future was concerned—but he did express a long-range interest in us and our welfare."

Translation: *When I asked him if he wanted to buy, he said, "You should live so long."*

BOOKS

Most authors who bat out 2¼-pound novels should be skewered on a rusty pike. No exception is Robert Ruark, whose half-million word, 706-page ***Poor No More*** (Holt, $7.95) tumbles on interminably. Obviously autobiographical in spots, the book explores—nervously yet explosively—the story of business bigwig Craig Price, his ascent to wealth and status, his crash to ruin. Protagonist Price is not averse to toying with the life of his lunatic mother-in-law, sacking both new friends and old, driving his wife to the bottle, nudging his daughter on the same road. Between these stints,

there's plenty of lust, avarice, duplicity, impassioned violence and even arson. What Ruark has managed to do creditably well is to splash across a huge picture of a generation—the never-named generation—made up of the collegians of the Thirties. Along the way, he dabs a devastating portrait of the cocktail party, the Upper-Middlebrows of the period, a shaky South, a skittish Manhattan. Writing without the tensile strength and economy of a John O'Hara, Ruark needs cutting, editing and polishing badly. As it stands, the reader must do this for him and pay $5.95 for the privilege.

•

Richard Ellmann has, in his *James Joyce* (Oxford, $12.50), written a biography that must be recognized as one of the finest of this century, and there is nothing you Joyce buffs can do but buy the book, all 842 fact-crammed, revelatory, magnificent pages of it. It sheds a light—lucid and pervading—on the man's life and personality and achievement that Herbert Gorman, the authorized biographer with whom Joyce cooperated, had to hide under his bushel; and in doing so it reveals a startlingly different person from the canonical version. The research not only provides insight after insight—it is astonishing in its detail (e.g., the name of the man from whom he borrowed the dress suit in which to attend his sister's wedding in Trieste; the jokes he told at an unimportant tea in Zurich in 1915). It could not be recapitulated today, since most of the main sources are now dead. From it Joyce emerges as a person in three full dimensions, not the inscrutable and piecemeal figure of the manufactured fiction—alive, kicking, humorful, litigious, jealous of fame, uxorious, often drunk, often petty, always untidy in his personal life, always fantastically dedicated to his family and his art, immensely erudite, immensely inventive, and, when the ledger is toted up, just plain immense.

FILMS

The plot of *Li'l Abner* (based on the Broadway musical) follows: Dogpatch is selected as the most useless spot in the U.S., will therefore be used as an atomic testing center unless a reason can be found why it shouldn't be. Will Yokumberry Tonic be the reason? (Yokumberry Tonic is made from the Yokumberry Tree which grows only in the Yokum yard. It is the tonic that has made Abner the strapping young hulk he is.) The rest of the story revolves around the tests and schemes of multibillionaire General Bullmoose to get hold of the tonic for private distribution—also the plans of the (ugh) Scraggs to marry off

PUSHUP SLEEVE JACKET . . . crisp topsail White, Black or Navy. Sizes S, M, L. $16.95

STOVEPIPE PANTS . . . smart houndstooth checks, adjustable side tabs, tapered to 15½". Olive-and-Black, Brown-and-Black or Black-and-White. Sizes 28 to 36. $12.95

No C. O. D.

Rick Byron Originals

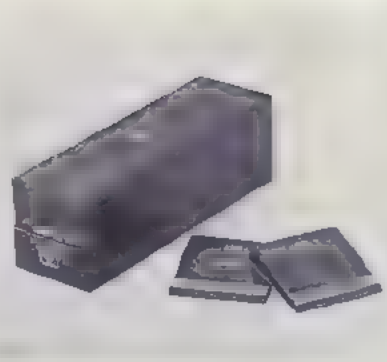
368 NORTH RODEO DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

Chico proves that three's company—and five's a going gang. Ask for W/WS 1344, stereo or monophonic. Other Chico Hamilton albums "With Strings Attached"—B/BS 1245 "Gongs East"—W/WS 1271

the first name in sound

WARNER BROS. RECORDS

BURBANK CALIFORNIA



PERSONALIZED PLAYBOY MATCHES

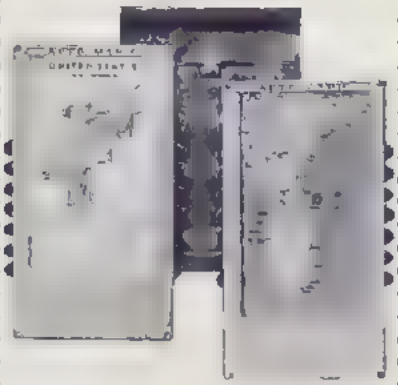
25 match books in black with white PLAYBOY rabbit, your name or a friend's (limit: 22 spaces), handsomely boxed $2.

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
Dept. 128

232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois

THE PERFECT MAP for the sports car



Auto-Mapic does away with folding and unfolding bulky road maps. Select the map you need with two fingers. Each plastic map case holds 15 up-to-date regional maps in a vinyl folder, 6½"x12½". Order the Eastern U.S. or the Western U.S. at $10 each ppd. Both $20. Send check or money order to:

Savoir-Fair

Box #3376 Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54, Illinois

Daisy Mae to Abner's rival, Earthquake McGoon. Most of the New York company is on hand, with Peter Palmer as the feckless hero, Stubby Kaye doing a standout job as Marryin' Sam, and Howard St. John so charmingly unscrupulous as Bullmoose that you root for him to win out over the U.S. Government in his nefarious schemes. Julie Newmar as Stupefyin' Jones will make every male viewer anxious to keep up with the Joneses. Two major changes are Leslie Parrish, a newcomer, as a delicious Daisy Mae, and Stella Stevens as Appassionata von Climax, giving evidence of a fine sense of comedy and a fine set of assets (see them in this month's center fold). The choreography is eye-catching, the costumes brief, and the (gulp) girls are worth waiting for on Sadie Hawkins Day.

•

Marcel Camus, one of France's leading Angry Young Directors, traveled to South America to make ***Black Orpheus,*** winner of the Golden Palm Award of the 1959 Cannes Film Festival. The story roughly follows the mythological model: a young Negro Brazilian Orpheus (Breno Mello) falls tragically in love with a lovely Negro Eurydice (Marpessa Dawn), all in the compressed time it takes to hold a wildly orgiastic street carnival in Rio. As the mummers let loose with music and frenzy in the streets, Eurydice tries to run away from a man, both actually and symbolically in the costume of Death. She dies grotesquely in a deserted trolley-car barn as Death closes in on her. Orpheus tracks her body to the morgue, falls off a cliff to join her in death at the end. Included are a lusty and yeasty seduction scene, unmatched for charming animalism, surpassingly beautiful shots from the rim of mountains surrounding Rio harbor; and unbelievably colorful lens work of the carnival itself. If the pictures top the motivation, you can forgive it, along with the clumsy English titles. For, while this flick may not equal Cocteau's famous updating of the Orpheus legend in his film *Orphee*, it's still one of the most powerful, sweeping, imaginative directing jobs you're likely to see in some time.

•

Edge of Eternity was filmed by Thunderbird Productions for Columbia release and the cars in it are: a police car which is a Ford, a rich girl's Thunderbird, a rich boy's Edsel station wagon, and what looked like a Lincoln in the family garage. The first superliminal commercial?

•

Career is the story of a guy who wants to act and of the depths he's willing to plumb to achieve his desire. When the accepted sacrifices of the neophyte thespian are not enough to bring him recog-

for the playboy who takes pride in his stereo equipment...

SOMERSET STEREO-FIDELITY

PRESENTS THE MOST EXCITING STEREO IN THE WORLD TODAY!

EAST OF SUEZ SF-11200
All the spices of these exotic lands are wrapped in the warm rich tones of "101 Strings." From the tent harems of "Arab Dance" to the nostalgic loveliness of "Song of India", this brilliant stereo program is your passport to adventure and romance. Hear "In A Persian Market", the Temple Dancers, excerpts from "Scheherazade" . . . all on this brilliantly scored [redacted].

CONTINENTAL JAZZ SF-11000
Les Cinq Modernes capture the wonderful mood of Europe with a unique jazz simplicity that takes you to Rome and Paris. Here you'll rediscover the unforgettable atmosphere of the coffee houses and bistros that are so much a part of Europe after dark . . . the warm moods and modern sounds that create a special flavor. Includes Volare . . Petite Fleur . . Mortal (Mack the Knife) and others.

STEREO DYNAMICS SF-11400
A varied program of breath-taking stereo! Orchestral dynamics . . . Flamenco heels . . . The Battle For Britain with orchestra and chorus and actual air raid sirens . . . driving percussion and brass. An astounding program that is the true test for any audio equipment.

SWINGIN' WITH PRINCE IGOR SF-11700
Here are the Polovtsian Dances rescored by Skip Martin with a full symphony orchestra plus a driving, swinging jazz band of leading West Coast men. A brilliant stereo jazz experiment.

OVER 150 STEREO LONG-PLAY ALBUMS TO CHOOSE FROM... BACH TO DIXIELAND IN MAGNIFICENT SOUND...AT A SENSIBLE 2.98 each

also available in monaural on Somerset, at **1.98** *each*

Write for complete catalogs to Dept. P160 — Box 45, Swarthmore, Pa.
Stereo Fidelity Manufactured by Miller International Co., Swarthmore, Pa., U.S.A.

FI-RACK THESE RACKS HOLD 80 RECORD ALBUMS

A NEW CONCEPT IN RECORD STORAGE—DECORATE WITH YOUR ALBUMS!

Stop hiding the beautiful women on your record albums! Decorate your den or living room with them. The racks shown at left hold a total of 80 records. Combine space saving convenience with the easy "drop-in," "lift-out" method of handling. FI-RACK consists of slotted aluminum bands which fasten easily to the wall, holds 12" albums 8 deep. Satin gold or black finish.

Kit "A" holds 24-12" albums 1-24½" unit 1-12¼" unit **$6.75** ppd.

Kit "B" holds 36-12" albums 1-49" unit 1-24½" unit 1-12¼" unit **$13.75** ppd.

Kit "C" (photo above) holds 80-12" albums 1-49" unit 1-24½" unit 4-12¼" units **$21.50** ppd.

Show-White & Associates
Dept. P-104
333 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill

SPANISH WINESKIN *(or Martini-skin)* **FOR MODERN DON JUANS**

Don Juan called it la bota. We call it the most roguish way to quench a thirst in the history of Drinkmanship. Imported from Pamplona, Spain, this authentic wineskin drinking flask holds nearly a fifth of anything drinkable—delivers it to palate in a tingling pinpoint stream. Works social wonders at fraternity blast, ski slope, or bachelor's lair. Hand-made from supple goatskin leather, with carved bullhorn nozzle, seamless lining, colorful shoulder sling. Rolls up pocket-size when empty. World's most hygienic (and hilarious) method of passing the grog, lets you drink from any position, eliminates glass washing. Makes a memorable gift, too. Only $5.95 ppd. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order to:

ADVENTURE IMPORTS, LTD., 203 N. Wabash, Chicago, Ill.

PLAYBOY ACCESSORIES

playboy's familiar rabbit in bright rhodium on gleaming black enamel, attractively packaged in felt bag.

earrings $4.50 bracelet $3 the set $7

cuff links $4.50 tie tack $2.50 the set $6.50

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS dept. 259

232 east ohio street, chicago 11, illinois

Now "Mechanical Educator" to IMPROVE MEMORY

Learn faster than ever with new device effective for learning languages, speech, tables, facts, formulas, etc.

DORMIPHONE MEMORY TRAINER

- Speeds up learning processes
- Aids concentration
- Provides entertainment

The Memory Trainer records, instantly plays back, and when clock is set, automatically repeats speech, music, any material of regular interest through built-in speaker. No reels of wire or pearl or cumbersome cartridges. Ideal aid for work, school, child training, education and fun. Used by educators, psychologists, people of all ages.

Self-Contained Recording Cartridges

from 30 seconds to 55 minutes

Easily removed. Can be stored or erased for constantly and reused repeatedly.

Write TODAY for FREE Folder

MODERNOPHONE, INC. Circle 7-0830
208-C10 Radio City, New York 20, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE Booklet I am interested to learn more about the Dormiphone Memory Trainer and what it can do for me. No obligation. No salesman will call.

My main interest in the Memory Trainer is for

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ Language Learning ☐ Speech Improvement
☐ Memorization ☐ School or College Work

Relax in Luxury

DeerMocs

$9.50 pr. postpaid

ORDER BY MAIL

Give men's or women's regular shoe size.

Thick foam rubber insole assures the ultimate in foot comfort

Send for FREE 72-page CATALOG

Fine grain leather shirts, exclusive clothing, equipment for sports, country living and gifts.

GENUINE SUNTAN DEERSKIN

Handmade by Western leather craftsmen into handsome slippers that mold to your feet for perfect fit. Easy on and off, yet hug your feet when you walk. Fold for traveling. Completely washable. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

Norm Thompson

Dept. [illegible] • 1805 N. W. Thurman, Portland 9, Ore.

nition, he willingly goes on to lose his wife, play on producers' and agents' sympathies, back-stab, double-cross, assasinate character and grovel abjectly. Anything goes, and so does the picture, like a rocket screaming into orbit. Predominant in a group of stunning performances is Anthony Franciosa's as the actor. Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine and Carolyn Jones under the strong and sinewy hand of director Joseph Anthony—make the sparks fly, too.

•

One of those rare, non-newsreel instances of spontaneous applause from a movie audience happened the other day while we were watching ***Happy Anniversary*** (from the Fields-Chodorov play, *Anniversary Waltz*). What occasioned the clapping was the sight of David Niven deliberately kicking in the screen of his TV set; the rest of the film also merits applause as one of the funniest and most adult of recent times. In it, Niven is a successful New York attorney married to Mitzi Gaynor. It is the eve of their 13th anniversary, and with warm nostalgia Niven recalls the glorious year before their wedding, when they indulged in premarital merry making at a local hotel. On impulse, they return there for the night. The next day, when in his cups, David lets spill before his in-laws the info that he and wifey practiced before they were wed. The repressed relations stomp out stiff-necked, and Mitzi and Niven begin a battle royal that their two children attempt to minimize by explaining that everybody has premarital relations these days. The intricacies of the plot become more and more farcical, culminating in the appearance of one of their worried children on a network TV show to ask advice of a panel of her peers in dealing with her parents' problem. The acting is tiptop and there's a happy ending—one reason why the film has been refused the production seal of approval from what has been chronologically known as the Hays, Breen and Johnson office. Nobody likes the movie except everybody else.

RECORDINGS

Pieces of Eight (Offbeat 4016), the latest production at Julius Monk's Upstairs at the Downstairs room in Manhattan, is a freshly minted review starring eight coins in a fountain of merriment. Ceil Cabot, Jane Connell, Del Close, Gerry Matthews, Gordon Connell, Estelle Parsons—satirists and stage sprites all—and pianists William Roy and Carl Norman. They behave maniacally in 17 miniatures, holding up to the light such vulnerable aspects of contemporary culture as the Radio City Music Hall, TV

Giacomo says . . .

He Deserves It!

A handsome all-wool Bulky Knit Cardigan from Austria, that's it! Smart front zipper closes it from top to bottom so you can also wear it as a Turtleneck. It's *RIGHT* for so many places that we suggest you throw away your topcoat and wear a Bulky from Portofino. Real rugged comfort and good look are then yours. *Black. Grey. Olive. Beige.* Small. Medium. Large. Extra large. 24.50 postpaid

WOMEN MAY ORDER IT IN MEN'S SMALL SIZE

WRITE FOR OUR FREE FOLIO

Mail Orders to Portofino

449 N. Beverly Dr. Beverly Hills, California

Check ( ) Money Order ( )

$10.00 deposit on C.O.D.'s Add 4% Sales Tax in California

IMPORTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

"I HAVE HEATHKIT® HI-FI" says Les Brown

Les Brown
Well-known
orchestra leader

AND HE BUILT IT HIMSELF! Like thousands of others, Les Brown finds building Heathkit Hi-Fi fun, amazingly easy, and the "best buy" way to true high fidelity equipment.

Learn how you can "build it yourself" -and save 50% or more on the world's finest high fidelity equipment.

Send today for your free Heathkit catalog — or see your nearest authorized Heathkit dealer.

HEATH COMPANY
a subsidiary of Daystrom, Inc.
Benton Harbor 38, Michigan

Please send the latest Free Heathkit Catalog.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

programs for exceptionally mature kiddies (*The Uncle Beigie Evans Show*), girl-next-door songs (this chick loves Mr. Clean — the man, not the cleanser — and croons, "No hips could be thinner, no head more Yul Brynner"), Hawaii-and-Alaska tributes, Lady Chatterley and hillbilly ditties. We'll bet a doubloon that these *Pieces of Eight* are for you.

•

George Gershwin dashed off his first song — *When You Want 'Em, You Can't Get 'Em; When You Got 'Em, You Don't Want 'Em* — in 1916, when he was 17. Before his blaze through American popular music was extinguished by his death in 1937, he had just cranked out *Love Is Here to Stay*, for the film *The Goldwyn Follies*. The wonderful wealth of tunes he produced between these two points provides the rationale for **The Gershwin Years** (Decca DXZ 160), a bulging package, in a library-style sheath, of three LPs, a booklet of Gershwiniana and a suitable-for-framing reproduction of a Gershwin self-portrait. The studio orchestra and chorus are conducted by George Bassman; the singers are Paula Stewart, Richard Hayes and Lynn Roberts. All perform reverently in the face of a mass of material that includes such stunning standards as *Somebody Loves Me, The Man I Love, Fascinating Rhythm, Someone to Watch Over Me* and *I've Got a Crush on You* and such previously entombed Gershwin songs as *Rialto Ripples, Some Wonderful Sort of Someone* and *High Hat*. There are 58 in all, and if your Gershwin favorite isn't among them, it's rather miraculous.

•

Stereophiles whose automatic response to the title **The Seasons** is, "Ah, yes — Vivaldi," owe it to themselves to hear Haydn's oratorio of that title (Capitol SGCR 7184), a three-disc recording by Sir Thomas Beecham, the Beecham Choral Society, and the Royal Philharmonic. Composed when the successful Haydn was 68, the music is deceptively simple-sounding, yet on close listening the composer's steely control and sophisticated musicianship are abundantly apparent beneath the bucolic and folklike material. The playing, choral work and solos are spirited and vigorous — this is ideal Beecham music — and the recording is honest and sensible stereo, without a hole in the middle or forced separations.

•

Mabel Mercer, whose ministrations to obscure but literate show-type tunes often save them from suffocation in the seats of piano benches, breathes life into a batch of neglected charmers including Cy Coleman's *Isn't He Adorable*

BOBBY DARIN

"That's All"

ATCO LP 33-104

Bobby Darin, America's HOTTEST show business personality, has a fabulous LP here that is taking all America by storm. Includes his hit, Mack The Knife, and 11 other swinging standards, to orchestral accompaniment by Richard Wess.

available monaural $3.98

and stereo $4.98

ATCO RECORDS

157 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Special Offer 25¢

Hear these authentic recordings of dramatic events from

"The Amazing World of Short Wave Listening"

narrated by Alex Dreier, Radio TV "Man on the Go"

- President's voice from outer space!
- Actual capture of a desperate criminal!
- Radio amateur at Little America!
- Ships at sea . . . aircraft in action!

S-38E receiver $59.95

3 short wave bands plus standard broadcast. Built in speaker, headset output.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

hallicrafters

DEPT. 18, CHICAGO 11, ILL.

Gentlemen: Please rush by return mail my recording "*The Amazing World of Short Wave Listening*." I enclose 25¢

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

A big new hit on Broadway . . . and RCA Victor's got it for you! Jackie Gleason, Walter Pidgeon and Eileen Herlie in a melodic score sparkling with love songs and show-stoppers!

THREE OTHER "TAKE ME ALONG" ALBUMS:
- Frankie Carle (strictly instrumental)
- Marty Paich (crisp, exciting jazz)
- Hill Bowen (orchestral . . . on RCA Camden)

All on Regular L.P. and Living Stereo

RCA VICTOR

THREE CLASSICS FROM PLAYBOY
Building your own library of great books? You'll want to include these three PLAYBOY volumes. The very best features from your favorite magazine permanently bound in hard-cover editions.

THIRD PLAYBOY ANNUAL $4.50
The best stories, cartoons, jokes and special features from PLAYBOY's third year. Includes more than two dozen pages in full color.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES $3
Hundreds of PLAYBOY's most hilarious jokes and limericks—plus a sprinkling of spicy cartoons.

PLAYBOY'S RIBALD CLASSICS $3
Sophisticated stories by the great writers of the past smartly retold for today's readers.

ALL THREE FOR $10

PLAYBOY BOOKS, DEPT. 848
232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois

and Noel Coward's *Sail Away* in her latest LP, ***Once in a Blue Moon*** (Atlantic 1301).

•

Trumpeter Red Rodney, a product of big bands (Goodman, Krupa, Herman etc.) and bop combo (Charlie Parker), is back on the recorded jazz scene after an absence of several years. In ***Red Rodney Returns*** (Argo 643), it's apparent that he's nimble as ever. Comfortably surrounded by members of the group he's headed in Philadelphia since late 1958, Rodney whips up a string of biting solos; his front-line companion, tenor man Billy Root, keeps pace, and the rhythm section—Danny Kent, piano, Jay Cave, bass, and Frank Young, drums—churns appropriately. Rodney, we're told, has moved into the society-band field in Philly, working Meyer Davis–Lester Lanin-type gigs. If this LP is evidence, the country-club set hasn't had it so good since Bix blew with Whiteman.

THEATRE

In ***The Miracle Worker***, playwright William (*Two for the Seesaw*) Gibson has written an electric show about Helen Keller, the blind, deaf and mute child who grew up to be the inspirational woman she is today at 79, and of Annie Sullivan, the stern young Irish-American girl who guided the fearful, distraught child. Gibson's play, directed by Arthur Penn, is concerned only with the crucial weeks when Annie, orphaned and once blind herself, arrives in the Kellers' Alabama home to take charge of an apparently hopeless case of physical and mental derangement. Although the playwright pulls no punches as he fills his stage with scenes that are alternately touched with pity and thwacking violence, he never plays for the easy tears of the sentimentalist. Young Helen is a monstrous child with good reason, given to outrageous tantrums and sly bids for pity from her placating parents. Annie Sullivan is more than her match. Credit first-rate background performances to Torin Thatcher as Helen's confused father, and Patricia Neal as her doting, helpless mother. But Anne Bancroft as the patient, indomitable Annie Sullivan, and the 10-year-old TV actress, Patty Duke, as the hellion Helen, might just as well have the stage to themselves. Here is a pair of performances not likely to be matched this season, either for skillful characterization or for sheer physical stamina. The show starts fast, keeps rolling with mounting interest, ends with a satisfying smash curtain. At the Playhouse, 137 West 48th Street, NYC.

Sacred & Profane p. 28

Playmate Review p. 61

Roman Raiment p. 31

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		4
DEAR PLAYBOY		7
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		13
THE LOVE PHILTRE—fiction	JEROME WEIDMAN	20
THE GIRL WITH THE TELEPROMPTER HEART—lampoon	RAY RUSSELL	23
HAPPY HORS D'OEUVRES—food	THOMAS MARIO	24
SOFTLY WALKS THE BEETLE—fiction	JOHN COLLIER	27
SACRED & PROFANE STORY-LISTENING—satire	ARNOLD ROTH	28
FASHION DATELINE: ROME—attire	ROBERT L. GREEN	31
ON THE SCENE—personalities		37
THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL—article	JOHN SACK	39
DOGPATCH PLAYMATE—playboy's playmate of the month		41
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		48
THE CASE OF THE DIFFICULT HUSBAND—fiction	ROBERT GRAVES	51
FORMAL WEAR GOES CONTINENTAL—attire	BLAKE RUTHERFORD	53
JAMAICA—travel	A. C. SPECTORSKY	56
THE BURGHER'S BEAUTIFUL WIFE—ribald classic	JOHANNES VON FREIBERG	59
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW—pictorial		61
HEAVY, HEAVY, HANGOVER THY HEAD—article	RICHARD GEHMAN	67
MORE TEEVEE JEEBIES—humor	SHEL SILVERSTEIN	69
AGE OF REASON—satire	JULES FEIFFER	73
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel	PATRICK CHASE	88

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and advertising director*

RAY RUSSELL *executive editor* — ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *associate editor* — VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

VICTOR LOWNES III *promotion director* — JOHN MASTRO *production manager*

ELDON SELLERS *special projects* — ROBERT S. PRELSS *circulation manager*

KEN PURDY *contributing editor;* ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director;* BLAKE RUTHERFORD *fashion editor;* THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor;* PATRICK CHASE *travel editor;* LEONARD FEATHER *jazz editor;* DON GOLD, EUGENE TROOBNICK *assistant editors;* ARLENE BOURAS *copy editor;* ALBERT N. PODELL *editorial assistant,* JERRY WHITE, REID AUSTIN *associate art directors;* JOSEPH H. PACZEK *assistant art director;* BEV CHAMBERLAIN *assistant picture editor;* DON BRONSTEIN *staff photographer;* FERN A. HEARTEL *production assistant;* ANSON MOUNT *college bureau,* JANET PILGRIM *reader service;* WALTER J. HOWARTH *subscription fulfillment manager*

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS.

CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1959 BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC. BOTH MS MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

CREDITS: COVER DESIGN BY JERRY WHITE. P. 24-28 PHOTO BY BRONSTEIN/AUSTIN. P. 31-35 PHOTOS BY GERRY ZWIRN. P. 37 PHOTOS BY MIKE SHEA. WILLIAM CLAXTON. P. 53 PHOTO BY PLAYBOY STUDIO. P. 61 PHOTOS BY BARBARA AND JUSTIN KERR, FRANK ECK. P. 63 PHOTOS BY FRANK BEZ, RON VOGEL, WILLIAM GRAHAM. P. 83 PHOTOS BY FRANK ECK, LAWRENCE SCHILLER. P. 84 PHOTOS BY RUSS MEYER, LAWRENCE SCHILLER, BUNNY YEAGER, BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD. P. 69 PHOTO BY RON VOGEL

PLAYBOY

vol. 7, no. 1 — january, 1960

THE LOVE PHILTRE

ARTHUR PAUL

I HAD JUST TURNED, for a last glance around the hotel room to make sure my wife and I had left nothing behind, when the phone rang.

"Milan calling, sir," the operator said.

"For me?" I said in surprise. I knew nobody in Milan "Who is it?"

"Vittorio," a voice at the other end said. "Vittorio Adamello."

I blinked at the gleaming blue of Lake Como outside the window of the hotel in which my wife and I had just spent three days. It did not seem possible that I had heard correctly.

"Who?" I said again.

"Vittorio Adamello," the voice said impatiently. "I must see you at once."

I could not quite believe it. I had last seen Vittorio Adamello three weeks before, in the supermarket on the main street of the small Connecticut town in which we both live. He had just learned that my wife and I were going to Italy for a month, and he had wished us both a pleasant holiday in his native land.

"Where are you calling from?" I said.

"The airport outside Milan," he said. "I just flew over from New York I must see you at once."

"How did you know where we are?"

"My brother Frank gave me your itinerary," Vittorio Adamello said. "There's a bus to Como in about an hour. It gets up there around noon. It is of the utmost importance that I see you "

"We won't be here when you arrive," I said. "We're just leaving. My wife is already downstairs in the car with the luggage. We're driving down to Milan to catch the two-o'clock train to Venice. Why don't you stay right there in Milan and meet us in the restaurant at the railroad station for lunch?"

"All right," Vittorio Adamello said. "But please do not fail me. It is very urgent."

I did not doubt it. My wife and I had been worried about the Adamellos for more than a year.

We had met Frank Adamello and his wife Rosa soon after we moved to Connecticut. He was a violinist with the NBC Symphony Orchestra, and they lived in a modernistic house about an eighth of a mile up the road from us. The Adamellos were our closest neighbors. They were also a charming couple, warm, attractive and gay. There was something about them — a kind of relaxed fitting together, so to speak — that made it impossible to imagine them married to anybody but each other. You never thought of them as individuals. Frank and Rosa Adamello were, as much as any couple I have ever known, a team. Knowing them was a very pleasant experience.

About two years after we became neighbors and friends, Frank Adamello brought his younger brother to America. The boy, who was not quite 21 and named Vittorio, had just graduated with hon-

fiction **By JEROME WEIDMAN**

no woman could do what rosa did, unless she loved a man more than anything else in the world

ors from the University of Padua, and he wanted to become a doctor. His brother Frank, who had prospered in America and was now a citizen, felt there were much better medical schools in his adopted country than in Italy, and he wanted Vittorio to have the best.

When young Vittorio arrived, Frank rented a room for him near the medical school in New York. Every now and then the boy came out to Connecticut to spend a weekend with his brother and sister-in-law. He was, however, an industrious student, and he usually spent these Saturdays and Sundays locked away with his medical books in the Adamello guest room.

As a result, during Vittorio's first three years in America, while my wife and I continued to see as much of Frank and Rosa as we ever did, we rarely saw young Vittorio. I was quite surprised, therefore, one Saturday morning when he was in his last year at medical school, to see Vittorio Adamello coming up my driveway.

"Hello," he said shyly when I opened the door for him. "May I come in and talk for a few minutes?"

"Of course," I said. "I'm afraid, though, that the only one you'll be able to talk to is me. My wife just drove into the village with Rosa to do some shopping."

"I know," Vittorio said. "That is why I came now. I wanted to talk to you alone."

I was puzzled. I did not know this tall, awkward young man terribly well.

"What did you want to talk to me about?" I said.

"You know my brother's house, of course," Vittorio Adamello said. "I've been wondering what you think of it?"

I hesitated. It seemed an odd question.

"Why, I think it's a very nice house."

"You do not think there is anything peculiar about it?"

"Well, when you're dealing with modernistic houses," I said cautiously, "I suppose it's all a matter of taste. Personally, I've never been very keen on——"

"I do not mean that."

"Perhaps you'd better tell me what you do mean."

"It is a beautiful house," Vittorio Adamello said. "Everything in it is the most modern and new. And yet it does not have a nursery."

It was a subject my wife and I had discussed many times since we had met Frank and Rosa Adamello. We knew, from the way they treated our two small boys, that they liked children. Rosa, who was not a career girl, had plenty of time on her hands. And the Adamellos could certainly afford to raise a family. We had often wondered why they hadn't.

"Yes, I've noticed that Frank's house doesn't have a nursery," I said. "What about it?"

"That is what I have come to ask you."

"I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Neither do I," Vittorio Adamello said. "In Italy, all our relatives have large families. Italians always have large families. Frank and Rosa have now been married seven years, but they have no children. When they built this house, they made no room in the plans for a nursery. I have been visiting them every weekend for three years, but never once do I hear them talk of children to come." Vittorio Adamello shook his head. "It is very distressing," he said. "I would like to know the reason."

"Why don't you ask Frank?"

"I cannot," he said. "I am the younger brother. It is something one cannot ask an older brother. That is why I have come to you."

For a moment I did not grasp what he meant. When I did, I shook my head in protest.

"Oh, now, look," I said. "I couldn't do a thing like that."

"You are one of my brother Frank's best friends," Vittorio Adamello said. "To whom else can I appeal?"

An hour later, when my wife came home from the village, I told her about Vittorio's visit. And I had my second surprise of the day.

"Good!" she said. "I'm glad you promised him you'd ask Frank."

"You mean to say," I said in astonishment, "you approve of the way that great big overgrown medical student wormed out of me a promise to poke my nose into his brother's affairs?"

"Of course I do," my wife said. "I've been dying to know for almost five years why the Adamellos don't have any children. Besides, I think they've both been acting a bit peculiar these last few weeks. Go on over right now and ask Frank."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I said irritably. "And what do you mean, they've both been acting a bit peculiar?"

"You know how close they are," my wife said. "We've always remarked, from the moment we met them, that they were a team rather than a couple of individual people. Well, these last few weeks I've sensed a change. All of a sudden, there's a gap, a sort of space between them, if you know what I mean. Both of them, Rosa as well as Frank, seem to be worried about something, and I'm willing to bet it's connected in some way with this visit you've just had from Vittorio. Are you going over?"

"Not now," I said. "I want to think this thing through, and decide on some way to approach him."

By Monday morning, when I ran into Frank Adamello on the 9:14 train to New York, I had decided the most sensible approach was complete honesty.

"Your kid brother Vittorio came over to see me on Saturday," I said after I dropped into the seat beside Frank. "We had a talk."

"Really?" Frank said. "What about?"

I told him. As he listened, I began to understand more clearly what my wife had meant when she said the Adamellos had been acting a bit peculiar. I also began to regret my decision to be completely honest. I could see that my wife was absolutely right. The Adamellos obviously had something troublesome on their minds. As I talked, Frank sat slumped down in the train seat, staring fixedly at the folded newspaper in his lap. Even as I cursed myself inwardly for yielding to young Vittorio's request, and tried to ease the words in which I reported our conversation to his brother, I could see the muscles in the side of Frank Adamello's jaw ripple. He seemed to be holding himself together around some inner pain.

"I suppose I should have told Vittorio it's none of my business and let it go at that," I concluded lamely. "But frankly, since I know how much you and Rosa like children, once Vittorio raised the subject I couldn't help worrying about the same thing he's apparently worried about. Is something wrong, Frank?"

"I don't know," Frank Adamello said, scowling at his newspaper, and he hesitated. I didn't blame him. It is not the sort of thing one man likes to tell another, even when that other man is his friend. "We've been to doctors, of course," he said slowly. "Half a dozen of them. They all say the same thing: there's nothing wrong with either of us so far as having children is concerned, but there's something definitely wrong with Rosa's heart. It would be dangerous for her to become pregnant. So, according to the doctors, nature takes care of it by seeing to it that she doesn't."

I had never heard of such a thing. But there are many things about medicine that are a mystery to me, and this was hardly the moment to discuss my ignorance. I cleared my throat.

"A great many people who want children and can't have them, Frank, solve the problem by adoption."

"We've been all through that," Frank Adamello said. "But Rosa said it wouldn't be the same." He hesitated again, and then Frank Adamello said something that surprised me even more than his account of what the doctors had said. "You can tell Vittorio that Rosa is absolutely firm about wanting children of her own, or none at all."

That night, after I had reported this conversation to my wife, I asked her if, next Saturday, she would do me a favor and convey the gist of it to Vittorio Adamello. I wanted to discharge my promise without getting further involved. My wife shook her head.

"Vittorio came to you as a young man asking the help of an older man," she

(continued on page 66)

some uncharitable thoughts and a wild surmise on a facet of life in hollywood

EVEN AS OTHER MEN, I am fond of vivacious, pert young ladies, and so I was happy to see the face of vivacious, pert young Shirley MacLaine on the covers of both *Time* and *Look* some weeks ago. I devoured both stories, hungrily ingesting the information that she is "vigorously original" (in the words of the *Look* writer), "a natural clown" (in the words of Peter Lawford), "a kook, but very warm" (in the words of Frank Sinatra), "a very fine, clean woman" (in the words of Charles Atlas) and "a real ring-a-ding" (in the words of *Time*'s anonymous reporter).

"What makes Shirley a real ring-a-ding," I rejoiced to learn, "is her conversation"—several examples of which were offered by both magazines; glittering gem-stones like "Are your teeth real?" and "We owe people dinner from ten years back, but they keep asking us." By George, I said to myself, when a girl is not only "lithe, long-legged, freckled," "nurses her baby during rehearsals," has a "near-perfect frame (34-24-34) . . . the grace of a ballet dancer, the exuberance of a cheer-leader . . . the muscle power of a baseball player . . . huge feet . . ." and, in addition, can get off good ones like those teeth and dinner cracks—well, now, that's a girl to write home about.

Of course, a few of Miss MacLaine's *bons mots* had a slightly familiar flavor, like "I'm an orthodox coward," which *Time* thought striking enough to hang a ¢ on; but which I was able to trace back at least as far as the June 1958 issue of this magazine, where it was attributed to writer Harry Kurnitz. That led me to wonder if Mr. Kurnitz was one of the gentlemen retained by Miss MacLaine to provide her with scripts full of sparkling social conversation ("One afternoon . . . she had telephoned a gagwriter and announced: 'I'm going

(continued on page 36)

Chronologically: caviar, scallop/horseradish butter, avocado-bacon dip, chicken tartlet, shrimp/curry butter, oyster, lobster pâté, cheddar-

brandy cheese, olives, pâté de foie gras, ham/marinated mushrooms, anchovy dip.

food BY THOMAS MARIO

HAPPY HORS D'OEUVRES!

tempting tidbits to complement a new year's thirst

DICTIONARILY, AN HORS D'OEUVRE is "a relish or appetizer, served usually at the beginning of a meal," and when owners of public eating places talk about hors d'oeuvres, they may mean anything from an anchovy to the Continental hors d'oeuvre wagon, or even smorgasbord. In popular parlance, however, the phrase has come to mean simply something that people eat while they drink. At this time of year, assembling the hors d'oeuvre platter is one of the nation's most active indoor sports. It's impossible to imagine a properly arranged office shindig, fraternity affair, New Year's Eve party, or just a crowd around a punch bowl, without a display of canapés, dips and dunks. What follows, therefore, is a table of tips to help you make sure *your* hors d'oeuvres turn out to be chefs-d'oeuvre.

Eye appeal is, of course, of immediate importance, but—and *nota bene*—it should be the appeal that comes from the natural sight of good food, freshly unpacked or freshly cooked or freshly sliced. Just to see a pound of Nova Scotia salmon, for instance, sliced thin, dripping its copper-tinted fat on the platter on which

it's placed, will tease many appetites into instant awakening.

There are a number of classical delicacies which men have always regarded as perfect hors d'oeuvres, and the bachelor chef could hardly do better than to employ these great old stand-bys. The first that comes to mind is oysters on the half shell. The secret of their cold tangy goodness? Simple freshness. Oysters must be alive when they're opened, and they must be kept ice cold or they won't stay alive. At large blowoffs, oysters aren't too practical since they must be opened to order. If, however, you learn how to use an oyster knife, or if you own a mechanical oyster opener, you can serve the plump bivalves to a large company, and they'll complement any drink. Certainly it would be hard to top pâté de foie gras as an appetizer. Anybody who's eaten it fresh in France or imported in terrines recognizes the real foie gras for a certain seraphic richness. Finally, there's the aristocrat of them all, fresh beluga caviar. The genuine beluga contains no added salt, and yet it has a deep-sea saltiness along with a curious kind of mildness. When you taste the pearl-gray eggs, soft and crisp at the same time, you wonder how something so mild could so strongly stir the taste buds.

Unfortunately, the price of fresh beluga caviar, $2.25 per ounce, or about three times the price of the best Scotch, has always had a slightly deterrent effect on holiday purse strings. But there are hundreds of other wonderful hors d'oeuvres, including a wide variety of slightly salted caviars, and when carefully chosen and set up, they make the martini martinier and turn the champagne into nectar.

A good hors d'oeuvre should harmonize with the type or types of drinks served. For example, if you offer your friends a tray of rum cocktails, or tequila, the Mexican avocado puree called guacamole would be naturally felicitous. Thin slices of Genoa salami, in other circumstances a fine hors d'oeuvre, would be out of place. But no strict ukase need govern your choice. A mixture of cheddar cheese and brandy goes well with almost any kind of bar offering from aquavit to vermouth. Drinkers of dry potables like gin and vodka are always happily disposed toward herring filets and sundry other salty snacks. So unless you're serving every concoction in *The Official Mixer's Manual*, don't offer the conventional indiscriminate tray of hors d'oeuvres. Make the variety fit the drinks.

Be sure that the canapé carriers are oven fresh and crisp. If necessary to restore their freshness, place them in a very slow oven, 250°, 20 to 30 minutes. For dipping into cocktail spreads, you want small vehicles that won't break and that are delicately neutral in flavor. Be sure the butter used in canapé making is the best, 93 score, unsalted, and freshly unwrapped.

At many parties the overdressed platter of canapés is being replaced more and more frequently with the compartmental hors d'oeuvre dish or lazy susan for self-service. It's child's play to take care of such an assortment, but the display shouldn't remain untended too long when the whoopdedoo is at its height. Dishes should be refilled as often as necessary, and the edges should be kept neat. Table livery such as linen, silver, cocktail spears, cocktail napkins, etc., should be thoughtfully, even fussily, chosen, and arranged with taste.

Perhaps the easiest and most impressive of all hors d'oeuvres for intimate parties is the whole article of food, like a large well-aged gouda cheese, a smoked turkey or a smoked Smithfield ham. You can buy the latter completely cooked and glazed. Such centers of attention should be placed on a large carving board flanked with appropriate carving knife, meat fork or cheese scoop, as well as a large basket with thin slices of French bread, salt rye bread or cocktail-size pumpernickel rounds.

When, in his *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer speaks of "the hors that hadde winges for to flee," he refers, of course, to "The Pegasee." But try the following hors, and see if they don't have the wings it takes to get your holiday drinking off the ground.

LOBSTER PÂTÉ
(About 1¼ cups)

1 boiled fresh lobster, about 1½ lbs. raw
½ cup celery cut into small dice
3 tablespoons butter at room temperature
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
½ teaspoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon onion salt
⅛ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons dry sherry
dash white pepper

Remove all meat from lobster, discarding sac in back of head. Cut the lobster meat into cubes about ¼-in. thick. Don't discard the green liver or coral roe, if any. Put the lobster and celery through an electric meat grinder, using the finest blade. Add all other ingredients, and mix well. Chill in the refrigerator.

BRANDIED CHEDDAR SPREAD
(About 2 cups)

1 lb. sharp cheddar cheese
⅓ cup brandy
3 tablespoons butter at room temperature
2 tablespoons heavy cream
dash nutmeg
dash cayenne pepper

Put the cheese through a meat grinder, using the finest blade. Combine the cheese in a mixing bowl with all other ingredients. Mix well. Chill in the refrigerator. Remove from the refrigerator about a half hour before serving so the cheese may be spread easily. A good bourbon may be substituted for brandy with excellent results.

GUACAMOLE WITH BACON
(About 2 cups)

2 cups mashed avocado
2 tablespoons lime juice
1 teaspoon grated onion
2 teaspoons olive oil
8 drops Tabasco sauce
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
4 slices bacon

Buy two large ripe avocados. Cut in half. Remove seed, and scoop out meat with a spoon. Puree the avocado meat in a blender or meat grinder, or force it through a large fine wire strainer. When ripe, avocados are easy to puree by hand. As soon as the 2 cups of avocado are mashed, combine with the lime juice, onion, olive oil, Tabasco sauce, salt and monosodium glutamate. Put the bacon in a cold frying pan. Heat over a moderate flame, turning frequently, until bacon is crisp. Drain bacon; cut or crumble into very small pieces and add to the avocado mixture. Chill thoroughly. This is an excellent dip for scooping with shrimp chips.

SOUR CREAM AND ANCHOVY DIP
(About 2 cups)

2-oz. can rolled anchovies with capers
¼ medium-size green pepper
1 cup sour cream
½ lb. cream cheese, at room temperature
2 tablespoons finely chopped scallions or chives
4 drops Tabasco sauce

Drain oil off anchovies. Chop anchovies and green pepper very fine. In a mixing bowl combine all ingredients. Stir thoroughly until well blended. No lumps of cream cheese should appear. Chill well.

SHRIMP CANAPÉS, CURRY BUTTER
(About 30)

1 lb. medium-size shrimp, about 30 to the pound
salt, white pepper
juice of ¼ lemon
½ cup sweet butter, at room temperature
2 teaspoons curry powder
½ teaspoon ground coriander
Melba toast rounds
2 tablespoons finely chopped chives

(concluded on page 81)

SOFTLY WALKS THE BEETLE

fiction **By JOHN COLLIER**

FLORIAN'S IS THE RESORT of film and fashion, and the most successful café on the Champs-Élysées. The tables have been reduced to the size of dinner plates. They are crowded so close together that whoever leans back in his chair may receive bitter reproaches in his right ear for infidelity, and in his left for lack of understanding. If he leans forward to escape these he may find himself involved in a motion picture deal which is not likely to come off. The solitary is well advised to cower over his *apéritif*, and to fix his eyes on the sidewalk and study the passing crowd.

I had no sooner made this depressing discovery, than the corner of a newspaper hovered over my coffee, and the radar in my ribs warned me of an elbow at a distance of not more than three inches. I glanced to my right. At the table between my own and the planting box was seated a young man who had all the look of one of the new bohemians, the more or less juvenile delinquents of the international motion picture set. As all arts tend to the condition of music, so the pants of these young men, whatever may be their cut or material, tend to the condition of levis. Their haircuts tend to the crewcut. Their shoes are so easygoing as to constitute, when worn in the presence of strangers, an impudent familiarity. Too numerous wherever they are, these young men are most numerous at film festivals, where they crowd the *foyers* of the best hotels, translating *(continued on page 30)*

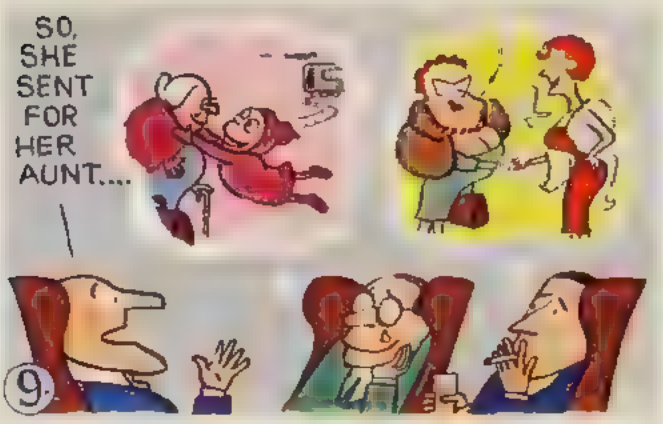
at a sidewalk café on the champs-élysées, a shrewd business deal was transacted

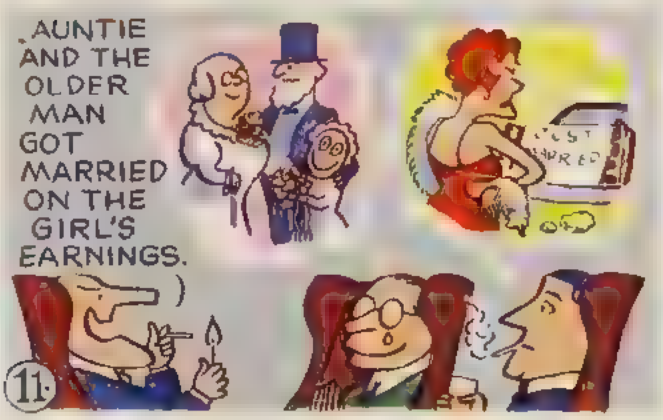
CHRISTIANSEN

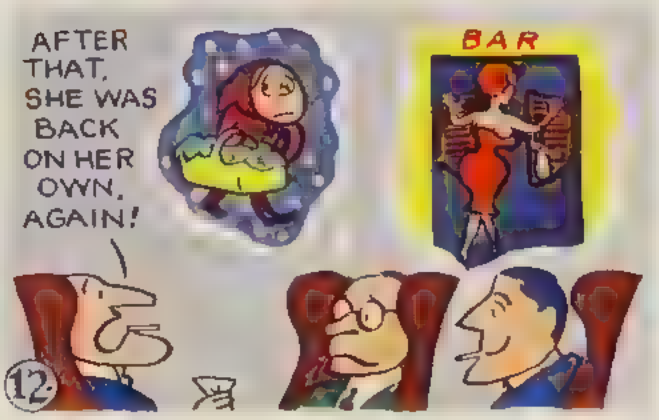
SACRED & PROFANE STORY-LISTENING

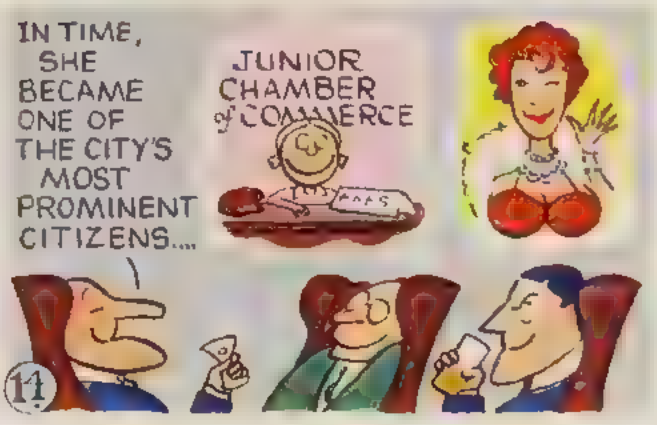
or Virtue is its own Reward

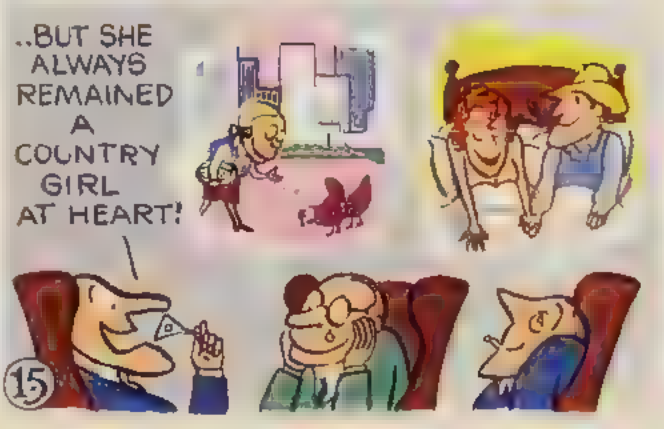
satire By ARNOLD ROTH











THE BEETLE *(continued from page 27)*

them into lobbies. Their wagons are sometimes hitched to a star; more often to a director. Their services are available; there is little they cannot, and nothing they will not, do.

Reason now whispered reassuringly that he might, after all, be only, as we used to say of assistant producers in Hollywood, a mouse with ambitions to become a rat.

While I was still wondering to which order this particular specimen belonged, my attention was diverted by the apparition of an elderly gentleman who, even while he approached us in the main stream of passers-by, seemed, by reason of his improbable size and splendor, to move more slowly than the rest of them. It is thus that a great liner seems almost motionless in comparison with the scurrying tugs amidst whom, and at precisely the same speed, she moves majestically to her mooring.

This gentleman halted at our corner of the *terrasse*, and his rather puffy lips trembled a little as he looked over the wide expanse of tables. The crowd was crushed as close as a swarm of bees, buzzing with love and crawling with money, and there was not a single gap to be seen.

The old boy addressed the oaf who was sitting by the planting box. "I wonder if you'd very much mind if I sat at your table. I promise you I won't be in the very least a nuisance." These words were uttered in a tone of the humblest supplication; one of the very few things that are better for being obviously a fake. (One can get the genuine article from any panhandler.) The bland humility was spiced by a twinkling glance of good fellowship, sparkling from under an eyebrow whose naughty lift suggested that only an amusing mischance could have brought these two together in a place which, though probably respectable enough, was not exactly the Jockey Club.

All these delightful nuances were completely wasted on my neighbor. With one shoe half off and half on, he lifted his nose half out of his gossip column, which he was studying as earnestly as a punter studies a form sheet, and he signified with half a grunt and half a nod that he had no objection to the stranger taking the vacant chair.

The old boy lowered his vast posterior onto the inadequate little seat with a sigh of relief. He made no attempt to summon a waiter, but folded his hands over the handle of his mighty cane, and demurely dropped his eyes upon them. They were large, expensive, leathery looking hands, and their leatherness was of such a quality as to make it clear that, regardless of any little prejudice you and I may entertain, the finest article in that line is made from human skin. These hands, moreover, were adorned with three or four enormous rings, and in each of these rings was a diamond of such implausible size that no maker of imitation jewelry could possibly have had the effrontery to concoct it. They were dull, yellowish stones, and cut so flat as to subdue all their sparkle. One thought of still champagne, which, nevertheless, is still champagne.

The waiters at Florian's respect no one but film personalities, and to these, on second thoughts, they see no reason to accord any very assiduous attention. The service, therefore, is not of the best. Nevertheless, a waiter was at once at the old man's elbow, and stood respectfully awaiting his order. A little white-jacket, who carried off the trays of soiled glasses, now set down his burden, greatly to the inconvenience of one of the first ladies of the screen, and took up a position flanking the waiter. This promising lad had realized instinctively that a command from such a source required at least two attendants even to receive it. The ancient grandee continued to look down upon his folded hands, for all the world like a peasant in a railway carriage.

Suddenly, as if at the rubbing of a lamp, as if in the soft flash of a soundless explosion, there now materialized the urbane and evil Raoul, manager in chief of all Florian's café. The waiter and the *commis* each fell back a pace; Raoul advanced, he smiled, he inclined his body, he offered his ear.

Like Queen Victoria confident of the chair, the dear old boy, without the least flicker of an upward glance, knew that his order was at last awaited by a person qualified to receive it. A fatuous, contented expression, like that of a sucking babe, spread over his face. He happily whimpered, "Bring me a glass of Perrier water, if you please. I prefer it not to be iced. At the same time, I like it to be sufficiently cool."

On the last words he raised his innocent little eyes and plunged them, without as much as a splash, into the dark depths of Raoul's eyes. It was clear that he at once perceived that, in spite of certain little brutalities, embezzlements, procurings, blackmailings, etc., Raoul was scrupulously clean in his person, idolized his little daughter, and knew his job, his place and the correct temperature for Perrier water. Satisfied by these important clearances, the magnifico presented him with a benign smile, more or less the equivalent of one of those signed photographs which crowned heads bestow on those who are not quite worthy of a tiepin. Raoul received the order and the smile with every appearance of the utmost gratification, but without addressing his distinguished customer by name or title. From this I concluded that though he realized what, he did not know who, he was.

My youthful neighbor, though no judge of princes, was not entirely lacking in perception. He was capable of being impressed by anything that impressed a head waiter. And he was capable of recognizing the good and true at a single glance, as I saw when he turned his eyes upon the old man's rings.

The wearer of those ornaments allowed an interval for their evaluation, which was carried out with the frank interest of a pawnbroker. Then he said with the utmost affability, "I really can't thank you enough for allowing me to sit down. I suppose I have been hotter, but I've very seldom been as tired. I was guilty of the incredible folly of accepting an invitation to lunch in the Place St. Aubert, a place of which you've quite certainly never heard. It is hidden away behind one of the ultimate quays on the Left Bank — parts of which I must say I have always found fascinating — and my chauffeur, who was to have picked me up there, must have failed to find his way. I have had to walk halfway across Paris."

"But what's wrong with a taxi?" inquired the young man.

"Nothing at all," said his senior. "But I must confess I found myself unable to take one."

At these words the young man's forthcoming spirit withdrew as abruptly as the head of a turtle which has been rapped upon the nose.

Fortunately, before the old gentleman could notice the youth's outraged movement of recoil, the waiter reappeared, bringing the Perrier water, with the little *commis* close at his elbow and the infamous Raoul smirking in the background. The old boy was no sooner served than he began to slap here and there upon the breast of his voluminous jacket, as if trying to locate his pocketbook, and each blow seemed to have its impact on the very heart of the young man he had been talking to. Then, much to the latter's relief, the elder lugged out an enormous wallet, from whose interior, crammed with 10-thousand-franc notes, his tremulous fingers soon rooted out one of smaller denomination, and, beckoning Raoul: "Please be so good," said he, "as to give, out of the change, a little present to the waiter, and something to this adorable little fellow who was so kind as to wipe the table for me."

He accompanied the words with a gesture of dismissal, and returned to his talk with the young man. "A taxi is an excellent thing," said he. "There is nothing more democratic than a taxi,

(continued on page 34)

Seen on Rome's Via Veneto: brushed, bulky mohair cardigan with wide collar, by Cucci, $42.

FASHION DATELINE: ROME

THE ITALIANS — in addition to giving us Elsa Martinelli, Strega and Chicken Cacciatora — have contributed more imagination and inventiveness to men's casual clothes since World War II than any other national group. And they show no signs whatever of slowing up.

Roman tailors and designers concentrate essentially on elegance — elegance coupled with moderation. They turn out at-ease duds that lend to the wearer a quiet, effortless look that is always correct and indefinably smart, as this report from a recent visit to Rome reveals.

The Italians have always had an affinity for suede and are doing great things with it, notably around the collar and pocket areas of car *(text concluded on page 82)*

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

Left: arriving at the Rome Hunt Club, a member is casually attired in a rich wool worsted British outer coat in a checked pattern of London lavat and black, lined in bright yellow wool. Coat also boasts two gun flaps, a military collar and slash pockets, with access vents to trouser pockets, by Aquascutum, $110.

casual wear from a continental capital—rome

Left: leaving the Piazza dell Esedra, our guy sports a three-quarter-length wide-collar suede coat with deep slash pockets (for gloves) above the patch pockets, and a removable half belt in the back, by Brioni, $190. Right: on the steps overlooking the Piazza di Spagna, a ribbed bulky mohair V-neck pullover sweater, by Ibbas, $29.

THE BEETLE *(continued from page 30)*

and I believe deeply in the fellowship of man However, the people *do* tend to ride in such conveyances, and to leave all sorts of unsavory little traces behind them. Call me an inconsistent old fool if you wish, but I really could not summon up the resolution to enter a taxicab, not even to shake off the priests who dogged me every inch of the way."

"What priests? Where are they?" said the young man, a little disconcerted

"Look through that little privet hedge beside you," replied the old coot with a pathetic attempt at a smile. "You will notice two men at the café next door. They are sitting, I think, at the fourth table along."

"They don't look like priests to me," said the youth. "And if they were, why should they follow you around?"

The poor old fellow sighed and took a long sip of his Perrier water, whose mild effervescence may have offered a grateful coolness to his strawberry nose. "I am, it is true, no angel," said he. "However, that is not my fault. I went today into those distant wilds only. I assure you, in the hope of becoming one."

The young man, thinking it unprofitable to talk to a lunatic, merely grunted, and lifted his newspaper again.

"An angel," continued the simpering old man, "not in the celestial, but in the theatrical sense of the term."

The young man, who had for the second time withdrawn his head, now stuck it out again, and farther than before, and with it, as inevitably must follow, his neck.

"You're in the business?" he asked with a bright, engaging look.

"The business?" said the other. "I? No."

There was a brief silence during which the young man was obviously wondering what he had said that was wrong His senior was kind enough to reassure him with a smile. "I love the arts," said the dear old boy, "and I do what I can to encourage them. I love the theatre. I love the ballet. I love, above all, the art of the motion picture. Film, with its amazing potentialities, its new and eternally re-created language of juxtaposition; the juxtaposition, to take the most obvious example, of vast panoramic shots and the most intimate 'close-ups,' as they call them, which were invented, as you know, by the great innovator D. W. Griffith, a director whom I never had the privilege of meeting, but who . . ."

At this point his voice swelled to an organ note, and I, as one sometimes does at the opera, focused my attention on the music without much heeding a libretto I had heard too often before. After a time the flat utterance of the name of a very promising young film director signaled the end of the recitative and the resumption of ordinary dialog.

"It was with him," said the old man, "that I lunched today, in the outlandish place in which he has chosen to live. It would have been more prudent to have invited him myself, but I wanted to make him a rather considerable financial offer. I felt it more delicate to be the guest."

It is said that when the string of a fine violin is plucked to produce a certain note, the same string on an equally sensitive instrument nearby will vibrate in harmony. In this respect, the young man must have been as finely attuned as any Stradivarius, for from his half-open, tensely quivering lips there breathed in tuneful echo the words, ". . . financial offer?"

"I proposed to buy, with my own money, which they have not yet succeeded in getting away from me, a certain extremely successful play, and to meet the whole cost of its production as a motion picture," said the old man with impressive simplicity. "I offered, for his personal contract, terms as favorable as I think any director has ever received. He flatly refused them. He told me to go to hell."

The old boy shook his head dolorously, and sought again the poor solace of his Perrier water. The young man seemed eager to offer him some more substantial consolation. "Listen to me," said he gracefully. "If you've got money to invest in a movie, I can . . ."

"I offered him more than money," said the other sadly. "I offered him also the services, for the leading role, of a young lady who is as beautiful as a nymph, as talented as she is beautiful, with eyes, lips, neck, bosom . . ." and, putting his fingers to his lips, he consigned a kiss to the air as if in the hope it might be fortunate in its landing.

"Oh! Oh!" said the youth, and he permitted himself a smile such as no older man likes to see on the face of a younger one.

The old nabob showed no sign of offense. "You suspect," said he, "that I am a bloody old fool trying to promote a career for some little chorus girl with whom he is infatuated. The name of the young lady would soon correct that impression. In a place of this sort I must confine myself to saying that she is listed, in the United States as well as in Europe, among the two or three most popular actresses of the year. What's more, I have heard, with my own ears, this same young director declare he would sell his soul to the devil for a chance to work with her in the very play I offered to purchase for him."

"Then what was the snag?" inquired the young man.

"In what you have referred to as *the business* (though I myself prefer to regard it as an art) people do not always mean what they say," replied the elder.

"Maybe he didn't think you really had the money," suggested the young man with a sceptical smile.

"You are right, after all, in calling it *the business*," said the old chap with an air of some distaste. "It was on that account that I took this with me." And, having as he spoke pulled out his oversized wallet again, he extracted from it a check which he unfolded for the young man's interested inspection.

"But this is certified!" cried the youth with such a simple, genuine air of enthusiasm that he looked like a baby in an advertisement, extolling its favorite milk.

"Which is more," bleated the old man happily, "than they've ever been able to do to *me*."

There was a brief pause as he stowed away the check, and during this pause his words sank in.

"Do you mean to say they've tried?" asked the young man at last.

"Peep discreetly through this little privet hedge," replied the other, "and you will see, in front of the next café, at the fourth table along, two men dressed in quite ordinary clothes. Those men are psychiatrists, and they have followed me all the way . . ."

"You said those men were priests!" exclaimed the youth.

"You have priests on the brain, my dear fellow," said the old buffer with the utmost *sang-froid*. "It is true the psychiatrist fulfills, in our modern society, many of the functions of the priest; for example, he receives confessions and he casts out devils. Personally I am inclined to believe that those two, who have passed themselves off on you as psychiatrists, are nothing more nor less than devils themselves. Otherwise why should they have thrown a piece of brioche to that gargoyle by the lamppost, which came clambering down as I passed Notre Dame and has insistently attached itself to me, for all the world like a lost dog?"

"It looks like nothing but a poodle to me," responded the youth.

"And those two look like priests to you, or psychiatrists," said the old chap rather brusquely. "Nevertheless, I tell you they are devils, fiends from hell. Or why should they try to declare me insane?"

"Well, if that's their little game," said the young man after a thoughtful pause, "I'm with you a hundred percent."

"You don't think I should be locked up?" quavered the poor old boy in pathetic gratitude. "You don't think I should have my money taken from me?"

The young man did not reply directly to this last question; which perhaps

(continued on page 76)

"Old Jack Frost nipping at your nose, eh?"

Teleprompter Heart

(continued from page 23)

to the races. Give me ten jokes on racing' "). If so, I muttered, then I suppose everything's all right, even though it seemed at variance with the magazine stories, which claimed she abhorred sham (" 'If you're a phony, you're through' ").

But just the other day I was reading a Mary McCarthy novel which has been around for a few years, *The Company She Keeps*, and came upon a passage which told ". . . how to get a free lemonade on a stifling day. You go into the Automat . . . and you pick up several slices of lemon that are put out for the benefit of tea drinkers near the tea tap. Then you pour yourself a glass of ice water, squeeze the lemon into it, add sugar from one of the tables, and stir." The passage sent me scurrying back to the MacLaine issue of *Time*, where, sure enough, I found our "vigorously original" girl mistily reminiscing about the old days in New York: " '. . . In the Automat . . . you could get an iced tea glass with a lemon in it free, go to the fountain, put water in it, get sugar at the table and have as many free lemonades as you wanted.' "

Now, if Miss MacLaine wants to pay people to provide her with bright things to say at parties and race tracks, that's one thing, but when she finds it necessary to buy, like dry goods, so many bolts of personal memories — and personal memories cadged from other people's novels, at that — then I begin to grow just a trifle sad and not a little concerned. Where will it end? And just how do we know, since *Time* and *Look* won't tell us, which dazzling ripostes of Miss MacLaine's are her very own and which first saw the light of day in a scriptwriter's mind or in a work of fiction by Mary McCarthy, Gene Stratton Porter, James Branch Cabell or me? Are none of us poor writers safe?

I brooded quite a while about this, and my brooding took the shape, as it often does, of a vividly imaginative scene, which I will transcribe for you here in the form of a playlet, simply to save wear and tear on my typewriter's quotation-mark key.

• • •

The scene (you insist upon italics? be my guest): *The scene is a Hollywood party. On hand is a cross-section of the industry's finest; to mention only a few:* CHESTER MORRIS, LAWRENCE TIBBETT, LOLA LANE, TIM HOLT, KEYE LUKE, DONALD CRISP, LAURITZ MELCHIOR, BUSTER CRABBE, HUGO HAAS, LON MC CALLISTER, TED FIO RITO, GENE RAYMOND, EVELYN ANKERS, GEORGE ZUCCO, JULIE LONDON, JULIE HARRIS, JULIE HAYDON, JULIE STYNE, KIM NOVAK, KIM STANLEY, KIM HUNTER, KIM CHANEY, JR. (*the Wolf Man in drag*), REX HARRISON, REX REASON, REX KING OF WILD HORSES, *and* ME, *disguised as* PETER USTINOV. *The real* PETER USTINOV *is disguised as* BURL IVES. BURL IVES *is disguised as a potted palm. Everybody is reasonably happy, and yet stasis has gripped us in an aspic of expectancy, for the unofficial guest of honor, the anxiously awaited life of the party, has not yet arrived. I refer to lithe, long-legged, huge-footed, freckled* KIM PIXIE, *the puckish gamine who catapulted into our hard Hollywood hearts straight from her Broadway success in the smash musical, "Don't Make a Wave," in which she played a WAC. Temporarily dropping my Ustinov masquerade, I sidle up to a casual acquaintance,* MAISIE VAN SKINPOP, *the well-known obscure starlet, and say:*

ME

What's a girl like you doing in a nice place like this?

MAISIE

Boy are you funny.

ME

I'll try again. What did the masochist say to the madam?

MAISIE

"Take me to your beater"?

ME

Boy are you funny.

MAISIE

Get lost, fungus-face.

■■■

Bye bye, sweets, and don't take any wooden dialog.

I leave her side, happy to do so, partly because her side is not one of her most attractive features, but chiefly because KIM PIXIE *has at last arrived, each arm occupied by a tanned-to-the-corneas chorus boy. She is barefoot, wears a sable stole, faded blue jeans, and no make-up except on her toes, which are lacquered all seven colors of the spectrum, in the correct order: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. Yes, that leaves three toes unaccounted for, I know, but I'll let all you foot fetishists get your kicks by filling in the blanks.*

■■■

Hi, kids!

ONE OF THE REXES

Gee, what a free-wheeling vocabulary.

KIM

(*Throws off the sable stole to reveal the fact that she is wearing nothing under it save two large brandy snifters that form a kind of transparent brassiere*) Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses! (*Slaps her thigh*)

OSCAR HOMOLKA

You're a real ring-a-ding, Kim!

KIM

You know it, Pops! Did I ever tell you how I used to freeload lemonade in the Automat? Ah, New York . . .

HOMOLKA

(*Agreeing*) It's a wonderful town.

KIM

The Bronx is up and the Battery's down.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

I like it, I like it! (*He leaves, beautifully, his exit choreographed by Jerome Robbins*)

ME

What's a girl like you doing in a nice place like this?

KIM

Very clever! Listen, Mr. Ustinov, you're a peppery talker — want to pick up a little extra cash?

ME

Ah, take the cash and let the credit go, I always say.

KIM

I *dig* that! Don't let it get away! Here's the pitch — I need a new writer. You keep me supplied with bright patter and wise sayings and I'll make it worth your while.

ME

(*Lying in my teeth*) Money means nothing to me, Miss Pixie.

KIM

Who said money? I *said* I'll *make* it *worth* your *while*! (*Winks suggestively and flaunts the brandy snifters*) Dig?

ME

When do I start?

KIM

Right now. (*She whips out a lapel microphone and fastens it to my buttonhole*) Whisper the goodies in here and I'll pick 'em up with this. (*Points to a discreet hearing aid in her left ear*)

ME

Testing, one two three.

KIM

Read you loud and clear.

"LOOK" WRITER

Are your teeth real, Miss Pixie?

KIM

(*She proffers* ME *a panicky glance, and I whisper a goodie into my lapel mike. She picks it up*) I disapprove of what you say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it.

"TIME" REPORTER

(*Scribbling furiously*) "Your . . . right . . . to . . . say . . . it." Very well put! Slower, please, Miss Pixie, or I won't be able to get it all down.

■■■

(*Nursing her baby*) You're so right, stud. Uh — (*I toss her another classic*) Haste makes waste.

REPORTER

Oh wow! That's wild, *wild*! (*Dashes to a phone*)

■■■

But why should I — get this — cast my pearls before swine? You are all a lost generation.

JACK KEROUAC

(*Disguised as* GREGORY CORSO) You put us down, man. We're, like, beat.

KIM

Like beat? Like the beat, beat, beat of

(continued on page 82)

ON THE SCENE

DUKE HAZLETT:
reasonable facsimile

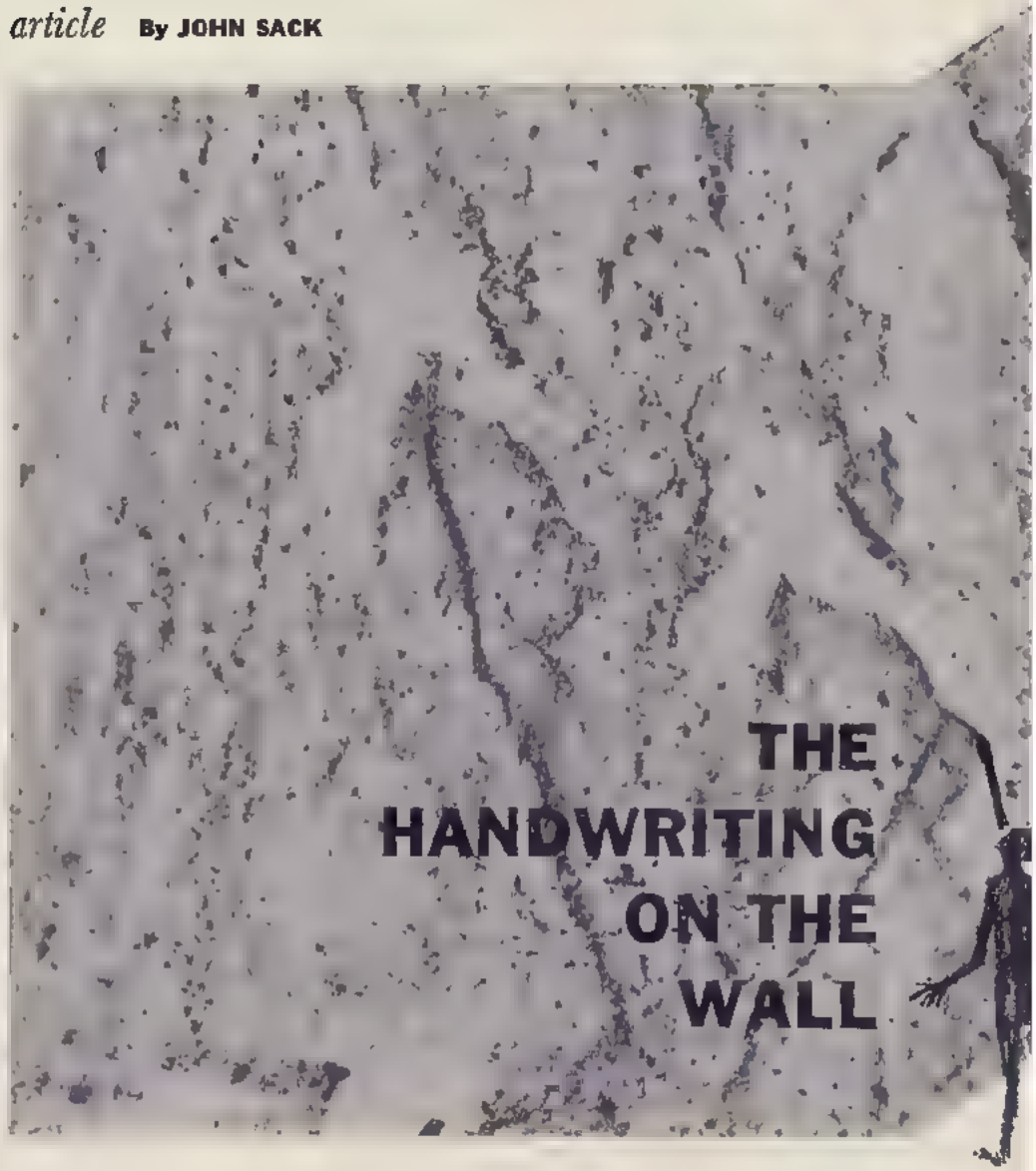
THE SUAVE STROLL, the shoulder-borne trench coat, the police escort and the band blaring *Come Fly with Me* convinced 20,000 fans at last summer's Playboy Jazz Festival in Chicago Stadium that the surprise "added attraction" was Frank Sinatra. But Frank was several hundred miles away, unable to make the scene because of a prior movie commitment, and this was a good-natured tribute to The Voice by a young (28) singer named Duke Hazlett who is making a career out of imitating Sinatra's style and sound. Many of America's young vocalists owe more than a little of their way with a tune to Frank Sinatra, for he is the most imitated performer in show business today; but Duke's cannily accurate mimicry is so near perfect that even after Jazz Festival m.c. Mort Sahl explained who he was and introduced him to the wildly applauding audience, many went home convinced they had seen and heard the real Frank. Hazlett has affected not only the singing style, but also the way Sinatra smiles and snaps his fingers, and when he sets a hat cockily on the back of his head and steps into the spotlight, he bears a really remarkable resemblance to F.S. He favors Sinatra songs and punctuates his performance with Frank's pet phrases ("mother grabber," "it's a gasser," "clyde"). How does Sinatra feel about all this? He caught Duke at Slate Brothers in Hollywood about a year ago and grumbled, "I want my lawyers!" The fact that Frank doesn't dig his act disturbs Duke, who clearly enjoys working in Sinatra's shadow. Some think Hazlett is beginning to act like Sinatra off-stage as well as on. "The kid is sick," says radio and TV interviewer Jack Eigen. "He's even starting to call his wife Nancy, and that isn't her name." But Mort Sahl comes closer to the truth when he calls it "a great tribute to Sinatra. This guy is giving Frank the most that anyone can – his whole *life*."

HENRY JACOBS:
blow is like an instrument

PERCHED AT THE MOUTH of his eight-foot exponential-horn speaker, Henry Jacobs, a 34-year-old wizard of oddsville, confronts the challenges of satire and sound. At home in his exotic, shoji-screened hilltop hideaway a few miles north of San Francisco, Jacobs is surrounded by his beautiful Eurasian wife, a pair of Burmese cats, perpetually-burning incense, and dog-eared copies of *Ethna Musicology*. In 1958, on Berkeley station KPFA-FM, he invented jazzman-idiot Shorty Petterstein ("Blow is like an instrument"), who later came alive on an EP record that sold 15,000 copies, was immortalized on an LP, *The Wide Weird World of Shorty Petterstein*. Temporarily eschewing satire, Jacobs turned to "a new art form," electronic music. Inside S.F.'s Morrison Planetarium, he hooked up Vortex – a 40-speaker whirlpool of sound that envelops the audience from all compass points. By feeding trickily-taped "compositions" into the system, Jacobs mixes a stunning set of sounds, while artist Jordan Belson flashes free forms on the Planetarium dome. The effect has enchanted several audio engineers, but some weary fans have been heard to implore, "Come back, little Shorty."

"No, no, Elbur — they're supposed to tear your clothes off."

article **By JOHN SACK**



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL

I USED TO THINK that writing on walls was something that people did only in the United States. But my years of travel around the world have been enough to disabuse some of this, and to show me that the act of writing on the wall is not in the least an eccentricity peculiar to us of this country, or even us of this century, but a shared experience of all peoples, of all times. Indeed, I've had to conclude that an inner compulsion to write on other people's walls is just as basic as the urge to make love or complain about taxes, and I've found that the study of these writings can throw light on an enigmatic corner of the human soul, and is a hell of a lot of fun besides.

GOVERNOR DON FRANCISCO MANUEL DE SILVA NIETO WHOSE INDUBITABLE PROWESS AND VALOR HAVE ALREADY CONQUERED THE IMPOSSIBLE in New Mexico, BISHOP ETHELRED in the Catacombs, ΕΥΞΙΘΕΟΣ in ancient Mycenae—all of them had given in to this wall-scribbling compulsion, one, it seems, that neither the supplications of men nor the fulminations of law can stint. It says on the walls of the Taj Mahal that NATIONAL MONUMENTS ARE YOUR HERITAGE PLEASE DO NOT DISFIGURE THE MONUMENTS BY SCRIBBLING OR SCRATCHING, but that, and the fine of $4.20, didn't stop BABU FIROZAPAD. It said in ancient Rome DO NOT SCRIBBLE ("SCARIPHARE") ON THE WALL, and it says in New York, on East 80th Street, that ANY PERSON MARKING OR DEFACING THIS WALL WILL BE PROSECUTED BY THE LAW, but that didn't stop C. EMELIUS AFER in the first case or JOEY, KEVIN, KEN, BARRY, BETTY, ANNIE CLARINO and ABEI VAN STINKLYHYMER in the second. Something else to think about is that all of these importunations to lay off writing on walls are themselves written on walls. It is granted that fools' names, like fools' faces, are often seen in public places; but so is this very poem, and so too was a similar poem of ancient times—

Wall, I wonder you don't fall down,
Scribbled on by everyone in town

—which, scribbled on a wall, is still to be seen in Pompeii and Rome.

Pompeii is a giant hornbook ready to teach us that wall-writing isn't a sometime thing. I learned it there myself, walking all day by the marble walls of circus and gladiator times and stopping to look at words, words, words which, except for their being in Latin, are exactly like those of movie and television times: like PARIS WAS HERE. I found that love life, as it does in our own times, predominated, running from the coldly factual (PS and CF together in a heart) to the tenderly valentinian (NONIA TO HER PAGURUS: GREETINGS) and the comic-valentinian (TO VICTORIA: GREETINGS, AND MAY YOU SNEEZE SWEETLY WHEREVER YOU ARE) to the apostrophically imploratory (MY DEAR SAVA: LOVE ME, I PRAY THEE) all the way to the emprisingly poetical (AH! IF I SHOULD EVER WISH TO BE/ A GOD WITHOUT THEE, MAY I DIE!) and down again to the poetastrical (WHOEVER HAS A MIND/ TO HINDER LOVERS' WAY/ LET HIM THE ZEPHYRS BIND/ OR RUNNING WATERS STAY), the ungallantly braggadocian (STAPHYLUS WAS HERE WITH QUIETA), and the unspeakably obscene (MICCIONIS STATUM CONSIDERATE; go look it up yourself). For most of these lovers, love had been requited—anyhow they said so (HAPPY, HAPPY ATAMAS)—and had been requited too easily for some of them, I learned (RESTITUTUS HAS DECEIVED MANY GIRLS MANY TIMES), or I deduced (STAPHYLUS, who WAS HERE WITH QUIETA, was also around the corner WITH ROMULA). Next to love, the dominant theme that I found on the walls of Pompeii was hate, and this too was told by the same calumniatory devices popular today: communications (VIRGULA TO HER TERTIUS: YOU ARE UGLY), predications (OPPIUS IS A CROOK and SLAVIS IS A SOT), and clearly unreasonable imperatives (SAMIUS TO CORNELIUS: GO HANG YOURSELF). Also in this category were the quasi-patriotic exhortations of the Yankee-go-home type (DOWN WITH THE

NUCERIANS!). Usually, however, I found it hard to fathom what, if any, practical result the wall-writer hoped to see gotten by expressing himself publicly (PYRRHUS TO HIS PAL CHIUS: I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOU ARE DEAD).

I'm trying to keep this essay as tony and serious-minded as any, but in all honesty, standing at all those walls and looking at all those scribbles of dirty words, smutty sentences, and—I didn't yet say—phalli, and taking notes, I felt like a perfect idiot. It argued, I felt, a case of sophomoricism at best and satyriasis at worst to everybody passing by, and usually, when anybody did, I tried to make as if engaged in some more elevating pursuit; writing poetry, or watching my fingernails grow. However, I was found out at last by one of the official guides; and try to imagine how I felt when he said to me: *"Che face, signore?* Ah; to study on the walls the *graffiti*, yes? But already it is done, *signore*. Already a hundred years. By the Jesuit." The Jesuit, he went on, was one Raffaele Garrucci, and what he'd done was to copy down each and every scrawl and scribble on Pompeii's walls and to publish them, and what he'd called an "atlas" of them, in 1856. Well—flabbergasted, that's how I felt. And my flabbergastation nothing but grew when, at the Pompeii museum, I got a look at Garrucci's book itself, *Graffiti de Pompei: Inscriptions et Gravures Tracées au Stylet Recueillies et Interprété*, and saw that he and his fellow workers had not only transcribed and translated all of 6000 scribbles but had solemnly analyzed their meters, usually the elegiac distich, and ascertained their literary antecedents, usually Propertius and Ovid. In fact, they had even come to a few scholarly, if not especially world-shaking, conclusions: that the plaster on the Small Theatre was already dry in 37 B.C., and that the lower classes in Pompeii had talked a little like a Chinaman talking English, saying "l" instead of "r."

Shortly after this incident, I discovered that, far from being of interest only to people like Garrucci and me, wall-writings long had had the devotion of some of the most learned scholars in Western history, who had so abandoned themselves to taking the things seriously that they wouldn't ever call a scribble a scribble but, modulating to the higher key of Italian, always a *graffito*, plural *graffiti*. The scholars had written of these *graffiti* in all the learned journals, and it still amazes me to come across them. In the fall 1953 issue of *Hesperia, Journal of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens*, there are 10 pages, three diagrams and two photographic plates devoted to nothing more edifying than ANTHYLE IS A FAIRY, a *graffito* of the 6th Century B.C. that was found scratched into—not a wall, but the side of a Greek vase. The cause of *Hesperia*'s unseemly curiosity in the tidings ANTHYLE IS A FAIRY isn't that it's a rarity; it isn't, and *Hesperia* itself is at infinite pains to point out that other vases have been turned up saying that ARISTOMENES IS A FAIRY, ALKAIOS IS A FAIRY, SOSIAS IS A FAIRY, SOSIAS IS A FAIRY ("We are tempted to assume that it refers to the same Sosias and was written by the same person as our number 3. The grave from which it comes, however . . . ."), EUKLES IS A FAIRY, and SIKELA IS A FAIRY; also a lamp saying I AM THE BIGGEST FAIRY IN PAUSANIA. Nor was its curiosity due to the fact that ANTHYLE wasn't a man but a woman; so was SIKELA, and "the imputation, as every reader of the classics knows, was one from which women were not exempt in antiquity." Cf. Cratinus, Sophron and Aristophanes. No, the cause of *Hesperia*'s inquisitiveness was nothing more, nothing less than that the word FAIRY in ANTHYLE IS A FAIRY had a feminine, instead of the usual masculine, ending.

This is not an isolated example. In the *Journal of Egyptian Archaeology*, six pages are used to deduce, from the fact that somebody name of had written this at the Wadi el-'Allaki, at Umbarekab, at Tonkalah, and between Kalabshah and Dendui, that " seems to be a much-traveled person," and another two pages to deduce that was the Count of Elephantine; "It is to be hoped," says the *Journal*, "that no one will be tempted to interpret as keeper of elephants!"

You'll be pleased to know that I successfully resisted this temptation. But I'm not the one to cavil. If, like me, the scholars are happy in this work—and I gathered that they are—then that is all that matters; they are keeping busy, they are keeping off the streets, and so more power to them. Except that I do wonder at times how the prime movers of all this erudition—how the actual scribblers of ages past—would, if they could, feel about it, about their unanticipated immortalization. I see in my mind's eye at times a Roman, name unknown, wearing a tunic as mucky as yesterday's football uniform and skulking around in the peristyle of somebody's house and then, in a fit of pique, of cheek, or of simple foul-mindedness, writing the words IRUMO TE—sorry, you've got to look that up too—on a piece of this somebody's chinaware. And then I see this fellow again in Elysium, Limbo, or wherever the hell it is Romans are, and I wonder if at that outlying address he has managed to get a copy of the *American Journal of Archaeology* for spring 1948 and has seen in it his literary effort subjected to a most scholarly analysis: his chirography characterized as "a good legible hand, which included the cursive *e*," his spelling (IRUMO instead of IRRUMO) criticized as being "short of academic purity . . . though not illiterate," and his use of the present tense—which is "clearly not the progressive but rather the equivalent of the minatory-monitory future"—compared to the 35th and the 63rd poems of the *Priapea* and also to Catullus' *Paedicabo ego vos et irrumabo* ("I shall impale you yet/ on something you'll not soon forget!"). And I wonder if this fellow has congratulated himself on his till then undetected talents or has, perhaps, sighed at the gay capriciousness with which immortality, like lightning, strikes us.

I wonder at times about another thing, apropos scholars, and that's this: seeing they are so determinedly snoopy about the *graffiti* of long ago, why are they so incurious about the scribblings of here and now? The truth is, I haven't seen a single scholarly paper about a *graffito* postdating the 28th of September 1737, when THE BISHOP OF DURANGO and some other people's monikers were put on what's now the El Morro National Monument in New Mexico. To me this is really odd: as if a *graffito* was thought of as a kind of coprolite, uninteresting and even unspeakable until it had been around two or three hundred years and gotten hard. And this point of view is not just a scholars' idiosyncrasy, it is the Government's official policy: witness the fact the Government doesn't allow you to scribble on a National Monument, and yet that it made the El Morro National Monument a National Monument *because* it was scribbled on—prior, though, to 1737. The Government also wouldn't permit Dr. Kinsey to bring into this country a collection of 20th Century wall inscriptions he had collected abroad, even though IRUMO TE (circa 10 A.D.) is safely stowed at Columbia University and ANTHYLE IS A FAIRY (circa 530 B.C.) is eyed by hundreds of genteel people every day at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Myself, I couldn't go for a statute of limitations covering *graffiti*, and if, I said to myself, other people are out to study the ones of yesteryear, then *I'm* setting out to survey the ones of now. After all, as Lanciani says in his immortal *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*, we "have gained more knowledge of the life . . . of the Pompeians from this source than from any other written or engraved documents," and, since it isn't out of the question that our own cities will be buried under some sort of radioactive ashes, to be rediscovered a few millenia hence, it behooves us to look at our own *graffiti*, to see what archaeologists of the

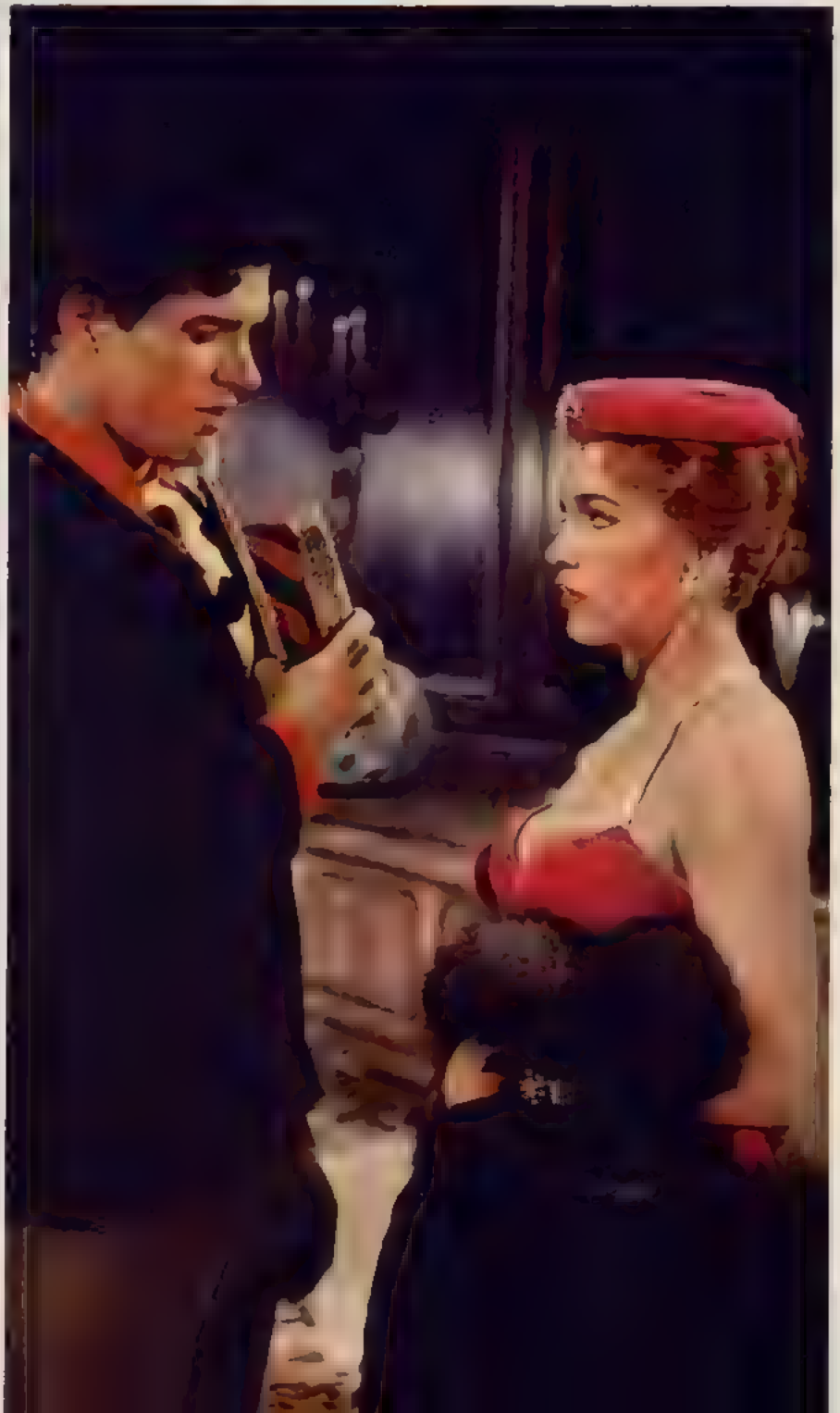
(continued on page 50)

miss january has an important part in hollywood's "li'l abner"

Her hair is naturally blonde, but Stella Stevens wears a red wig for her role of Appassionata von Climax in the movie version of *Li'l Abner*.

DOGPATCH PLAYMATE

pictorial



STELLA STEVENS, an eye-filling inhabitant of Southern California, was summoned thence from Tennessee to test for the lead in a film about Jean Harlow, but the movie never came off and bella Stella had to content herself with so-so assignments in *Say One for Me* and *The Blue Angel*, films in which she appeared fleetingly and rather out of focus in the B.G., which is script talk for background, not Benny Goodman.

At this propitious moment PLAYBOY was prospecting the hoopla hills of Hollywood for Playmates and we came upon fair Stella, deemed her delightful to behold, and invited her to pose for our famous center spread. While the PLAYBOY lensman was snapping away, the phone rang, and on the other end was great and giddy news for Miss Stevens — she had plucked one of the acting plums of the year, in the film version of the hit musical, *Li'l Abner*, playing Appassionata von Climax, the role created on Broadway by Tina Louise. We've become accustomed to girls' making good in the movies, TV, and on the stage *after* their Playmate appearances, but this was a new twist. Looks like 1960 will be a twinkling year for Miss January, whose first name, we just remembered, means star.

Al Capp's comic characters are brought to life by a sextet of Dogpatchers, above. From left to right, they are: Mammy Yokum, Daisy Mae, Earthquake McGoon, Li'l Abner, Appassionata von Climax (our Stella) and Evil Eye Fleagle. In case you're wondering what's going on here, Fleagle, barely exercising his horrific powers, has put Li'l Abner in a trance with a single whammy. Between takes, below, Stella relaxes au naturel, passes the time with some friendly telephonic chitchat.

Above: Stella plays a good listener to the quips of Al Capp (left) and the advice of producer Norman Panama. Below: bewigged, barbered and bewitching, she has her tresses touched up preparatory to shooting a scene. Right: siren Stella is successful as General Bullmoose's accomplice in a plot to dupe Li'l Abner, until the Dogpatchers and their dogs descend upon a fancy-dress ball, and Stella has a brush with a basset hound.

MISS JANUARY

PLAYMATE PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK SCHALLWIG OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK SCHALLWIG AND DON ORNITZ

Compelling in her own right, Stella also resembles two other famous film stars. Left, she looks like Marilyn Monroe; below, like Kim Novak.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

From Florida we hear that the stillness of the wee morning hours in one of Miami's most fashionable hotels was broken recently by a bellhop who ran up and down the corridors, screaming at the top of his voice: "The hotel's on fire, cha cha cha!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:

bachelor as one who's foot-loose and fiancée free.

gold digger as a girl who's got what it takes to take what you've got.

jury as a group of 12 people selected to decide who has the better lawyer.

lover's leap as the distance between twin beds.

madam as someone for whom the belles toil.

sex as the most fun you can have without laughing.

undercover agent as a girl spy.

winter as the season of the year when gentlemen befur blondes.

zombie as something some men drink and other men marry.

The adaptability of the human animal never fails to amaze us: we've just heard about the girl who was picked up so often that she began to grow handles.

Martin was known among his friends for the punctuality with which he sent his wife her alimony payment each month. When asked the reason for his haste, he shivered and explained: "I'm afraid that if I ever should fall behind in my payments, she might decide to repossess me."

We know a girl who was chased out of a nudist colony because she had something on her mind.

His apartment was his living quarters and laboratory combined, Sam, the brilliant young inventor, explained to his friend as he showed him around the premises. With an uncharacteristic flourish, he drew back the velvet curtains enclosing a cozy alcove. There, stretched out on a divan, was a dazzling blonde, as nubile and as nude as any the visitor had ever seen. In her hand she held a glass, empty except for two ice cubes.

"This is my latest and greatest invention," the genius beamed proudly. "I call it instant sex. You just add Scotch."

A girl who says she'll go through anything for a man usually has his bank account in mind.

"You can never tell about men," the sophisticated miss advised her younger sister. "Either they're so slow you want to scream, or so fast you have to."

She stood at the teller's window in the bank, a vision of desirable femininity marred only slightly by the fact that the light in her baby-blue eyes was more than somewhat vacant. The teller examined her and the check she wished to cash with equal concentration. Then he asked her if she could identify herself.

For a moment, her lovely brow was corrugated by puzzlement; then, her expression brightening, she pulled a small mirror from her handbag, glanced in it, and, with relief, said, "Yes. It's me all right."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy $25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"After a dinner like this, I like to lie down for a while."

HANDWRITING *(continued from page 40)*

next era will think of us, whether we will make a good impression.

Accordingly, I took it upon myself to step into their shoes, or whatever it is they'll wear on their feet. I walked along the more *graffiti*-infested walls of New York City and mustered everything on them in an awful stack of three-by-five index cards (I'll grab a few; they say DIANA, VOTE FOR DEWEY, SENCE I LEFT YOU BABY I ALLMOST LOST MY MIND, 123456789, SS, LEO THE HAWK, and V.F. IS A STUPED DOPE IN BIG LETTERS in big letters) and I put them under no little scholarly scrutiny. First off, I saw that love—I LOVE ELVIS, I LOVE YOU, STEVIE LOVES SUE, I LOVE VICTOR VERY VERY MUCH—was far and away the overriding passion of the 20th Century: so much so, that it could be abbreviated to things as enigmatical to the glance of the non-lover as JRLPW (East 81st Street), the L standing for "loves" and the JR and PW standing for a boy and girl who are, otherwise, still enigmatical. We are tempted to assume that JR refers to the same JR on the door jamb of the Hotel Embassy; but that's on the West Side, and he would have to have spread himself rather thin. Tallying up, there were 10 protestations of love for each of antipathy, like GORMAN IS A JERK (East Houston Street), and 10 of *these* for each obscenity—but love, unlike in Pompeii, was not necessarily requited; witness I LOVE YOU, DO YOU LOVE ME? NO on West 93rd Street. Two other conclusions of mine—the first of them from KILROY WAS HERE on the plaster wall of Hamburg Heaven and the second from KILLROY WAS HERE, KILRY WAS HERE, and KIRLOY WAS HERE on the lower East Side are: the plaster on Hamburg Heaven was already dry in 1945, and the lower classes of New York City had talked like idiots. The word *Dewey* may have become obsolete between 1948 and 1953. The prevalence of all these KILROY WAS HEREs seems to suggest that KILROY was a much-traveled person. Kilroy's choice of choriambic monometer to tell of his travels is a fine one to express unequivocacy, but the consequent use of the preterit "was" instead of the present perfect "has been" is short of academic purity, albeit colloquially common to the ill-educated classes.

So far so good—and yet, where the deuce was I getting? I still had to come to grips with the *real* enigmas: such as who is Kilroy? So laying aside all other pleasures, I started in on these matters, and the first result of my scholarly application over the course of many weeks was to get in my hands a signed affidavit of cross my heart and hope to die—Kilroy himself, telling how it all began. I got it from the files of the American Transit Association, of Everett, Massachusetts, whither the spoor of KILROY WAS HERE had led me and which, in 1946, had had a little contest to find out who Kilroy was. Mr. Kilroy, winning it, was given a streetcar as a prize. Here is his affidavit verbatim:

> On December 5, 1941, I started to work for Bethlehem Steel Company, Fore River Ship Yard, Quincy, Mass. . . . I started my new job with enthusiasm, carefully surveying every innerbottom and tank before issuing a conract. I was thoroughly upset to find that practically every test leader I met wanted me to go down again and look over his job with him, and when I explained to him that I had seen the job and could not spare the time to crawl through one of those tanks again with him, he would accuse me of not having looked the job over.
>
> I was getting sick of being accused of not looking the job over and one day, as I came through the manhole of a tank I had just surveyed, I angrily marked with yellow crayon on the tank top, where the testers could see it, "KILROY WAS HERE."
>
> James J. Kilroy
> Halifax, Mass.

And thus he was off and running—Kilroy, first on the tank tops, first on the beachheads, first in the hearts of his countrymen.

Flushed with success, I looked for other worlds to conquer. The expression THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN is to be found painted everywhere in Spain; it is even painted on mud walls, where washing it away would also wash away the walls. The inevitable question—than *what*?—that such an inscription as THERE IS NOTHING BETTER THAN (MEJORES NO HAY) gives rise to, has never been answered for me satisfactorily. I'm not even sure there *is* an answer. Driving one day to the Costa Brava, I asked the question of an officer in the Spanish Civil Guard, and while his reply, "I am an officer in the Spanish Civil Guard," is more than likely a sign of my incompetence in the Spanish idiom, it may well have been the officer's way of telling me that what cannot be answered should not be asked.

My third, and final, attempt at unraveling enigmas was better fated. Some half-dozen years ago in the city of New York, sedulously written in chalk in an estimated 15,000 places, East Side, West Side, all around the town, was the legend AN ONION AND YOU. This obscure message had, understandably, caused a good deal of public and private speculation, but, as far as I could discover, its meaning and its author had never been revealed. My scholarly task was to track the phrase down, and the chase exhausted the better part of a month. I spent a lot of time backing and filling in libraries and newspaper morgues and radio monitoring services. At first, the documents uncovered in this fashion were only bewildered, or querulous, or angry and of no help to me. I persevered, however, and at last on the unlikely pages of the *Songwriters Review* a breakthrough came—such is scholarship! The offhand remark of one of the *Review*'s columnists—that he'd seen AN ONION AND YOU written on the sidewalks and "said to myself here is one writer drawing attention to his song"—sent me scurrying, heart-a-flutter, to the Copyright Office of the U.S. Government and *eureka!* there was indeed *An Onion and You*, published in 1949 by a Mr. Martin Kalmanoff. I made a telephone call to Mr. Kalmanoff, and he obligingly told me that the author of the song—a grocery clerk by the name of Alexander J. Anagnos—had written AN ONION AND YOU up and down the city for several years to try to help out *An Onion and You* sales.

As soon as I had all these onions in the right mental baskets, I paid a call on Mr. Anagnos himself at his sunless, onionless apartment practically around the, wouldn't you know it, corner. It was a historic confrontation, I felt: after heaven knows how many weeks of looking at and analyzing *graffiti* in the abstract, to run at last into somebody who had written the damn things. For there he was at last—A. J. Anagnos, the living reincarnation of PARIS and of STAPHYLUS and of untold thousands of faceless, but not at all nameless, others who had scribbled themselves a place on the walls of history. When I met him, the reincarnation, a quiet and (to look at) level-headed young man, readily admitted authorship of the song.

"And why not?" he said. "There's been a big hit song about bananas, about peanuts, a bowl of cherries, coffee—why not about onions, asparagus, or other good things to eat?"

An Onion and You, it turned out, had not only been published, but recorded as well with Betty (the kid sister of Rosemary) Clooney belting the melody out. The only terrible thing was, the record refused to sell.

"So," the author went on, "you know what I did about it. I got me a hundred dollars' worth of chalk and I started in. Around the fire hydrants and on the risers of the subway station stairs: the best place to write on, nobody walks there. You saw what *The New York Times* said about it? 'A good job . . . bold, even and plain . . . a steady hand on the chalk.' I used to take, see, calligraphy at the Art Students League. If anyone on the subway stopped me and said to me, 'How come you do this?' (I remember an old lady said to me,

(continued on page 83)

fiction By ROBERT GRAVES

THE CASE OF THE DIFFICULT HUSBAND*

*The Case of the Difficult Husband

a broadway producer found a great new playwright—but he was in for an awful letdown

JAUME GELABERT was a heavily built, ill-kempt, morose Majorcan lad of 17. His father had died in 1936 at the siege of Madrid, but on the losing side, and therefore without glory or a dependents' pension; his mother a few years later. He lived by himself in a dilapidated cottage near our village of Muleta, where he cultivated a few olive terraces and a lemon grove. We became good neighbors.

This was June 1952—just before Willie Fedora appeared in Muleta and rented a cottage. The U.S. Government was paying Willie a modest disability grant, in recognition of "an anxiety neurosis aggravated by war service in Korea," which supported him nicely until the tide of tourism sent prices rocketing. Brandy then cost a mere 12 pesetas a liter, not 36 as now; and brandy was his main expense.

Willie wrote plays; or, rather, he labored at the same verse play for months and months, talking about it endlessly but making no progress. The hero of *Vercingetorix* (Willie himself disguised in a toga) was one of Julius Caesar's staff-captains in the Gallic War.

To the surprise of Muleta, Willie and Jaume Gelabert struck up a friendship. Jaume, already branded as the son of a Red, had also earned (via an assault upon an insulting drunk) a reputation for violence at that year's fiesta of San Pedro, Muleta's patron saint. The two social outcasts became such close friends that it spared us further responsibility for Willie's health. He had decided to learn Majorcan from Jaume. This old language, not unlike Provençal, is in domestic use throughout the island, though discountenanced by the government. Willie had a natural linguistic gift, and within three months could chatter fluent Majorcan—the sole foreigner in Muleta (except my children, who went to school there) who ever achieved the feat. Willie gratefully insisted on teaching Jaume how to write plays, having once majored in dramatic composition at a Midwestern university, and meanwhile laid *Vercingetorix* aside. By the spring, Jaume had finished *The Indulgent Mother*, a Majorcan comedy based on the life of his great-aunt Catalina. In return he had made Willie eat

solid food, such as bean porridge and *pa'm b'oli*, and drink more red wine than brandy.

In 1953, Muleta suffered a financial crisis. Foul weather ruined the olive prospects, blighted the fruit blossom, and sent numerous terraces tumbling down. Moreover, Dom Enrique, our parish priest, had ordered a new altar and rebuilt the chancel at extravagant cost, while neglecting the church roof, part of which fell in after a stormy night. One consequence was that the village could not afford to hire the Palma Repertory Troupe for their usual San Pedro's Day performance. But Dom Enrique heard about Jaume's play, read it, and promised to raise a cast from the *Accion Catolica* girls and their *novios*—if Willie would stage-manage the show, and Jaume donate its takings to the Roof Fund.

This plan naturally met with a good deal of opposition among the village elders: Willie, now nicknamed "Don Coñac," and Jaume the violent Red, seemed most unsuitable playwrights. Dom Enrique, however, laid it down that rehearsals must follow strict rules of propriety: the girls' mothers should either attend or send proxies. He himself would always be present.

The Indulgent Mother, which combined the ridiculous with the pathetic, in a style exploited by Menander, Terence, Plautus and other ancient masters, was an unqualified success. Although no effort of Willie's or Dom Enrique's, as joint stage-managers, could keep the cast from turning their backs on the audience, gagging, mumbling, humming, missing their cues, and giggling helplessly at dramatic moments, the Roof Fund benefited by 1500 pesetas; and a raffle for a German wrist watch (left on the beach two years previously) brought in another 800. The *Baleares* printed a paragraph on the remarkable young playwright, Don Jaume Gelabert, below the heading: "Solemn Parochial Mass at Muleta; Grandiose Popular Events."

Winter and spring went swiftly by, and another San Pedro's Day was on us. Willie visited Dom Enrique at the rectory and offered to stage-manage a new play of Jaume's: *The Difficult Husband*. He did not arrive drunk but (as they say in Ireland) "having drink taken," and when he announced that this comedy had merits which would one day make it world-famous, Dom Enrique could hardly be blamed for excusing himself. A deceased widow, the Lady of La Coma, left the church a small fortune, on the strength of which his parishioners trusted him to re-engage the Palma Repertory Troupe as in previous years.

Bad news further aggravated this setback. Jaume, due for the draft, had counted on being sent to an antiaircraft battery, three miles away, from where he could get frequent leave; but something went wrong and Jaume was ordered to Spanish Morocco.

Willie, with streaming eyes, promised to irrigate the lemon grove, plough around the olive trees, plant the beans when the weather broke, and wait patiently for Jaume's return. But Willie's samovar filled and emptied, filled and emptied four or five times a week; he neglected the lemon grove, seldom bothered with meals, and locked the cottage door against callers: at all costs he must finish an English translation of *The Difficult Husband*. I met him one morning in the postman's house, where he was mailing a package to the States. He looked so thin and lost that, on meeting the mayor, I suggested he should take some action. "But what would you have me do?" cried the mayor. "He is committing no crime. If he is ill, let him consult the doctor!" That afternoon, Willie saw Toni Coll digging a refuse pit below the cottage: convinced that this was to be his own grave, he sought sanctuary in the church organ loft, drank himself silly, and was not discovered for 24 hours. Dom Enrique and his mother carried him to the rectory, where they nursed him until the American Embassy could arrange his transfer to the States. At New York, a veterans' reception committee met Willie, and he was sent to a Pittsburgh Army hospital. On New Year's Day, 1955, he broke his neck falling out of a window, and died. I felt bad about him.

If Muleta expected to hear no more about Jaume's comedy, Muleta erred. Just before the rockets soared up in honor of San Pedro two years later, Mercurio the postman (who also acts as our telegraphist) tugged at my sleeve. "Don Roberto," he said, "I have a telegram here from New York for a certain William Schenectady. Do you know the individual? It came here three days ago, and none of your friends recognize the name. Could he be some transitory tourist?"

"No: this is for our unfortunate Don Coñac," I told him. In Spain only the middle name counts, being the patronymic, and Willie's passport had read "William Schenectady Fedora."

"A sad story," sighed Mercurio. "How can telegrams benefit the dead, who are unable even to sign a receipt? And there is no means of forwarding the message . . ."

"I'll sign, since that's what worries you," I said. "Probably it contains birthday greetings from some old aunt, who has remained ignorant of his fate. If so, I'll tear it up."

After the fun was over, I remembered the cable. It ran:

WILLIAM SCHENECTADY FEDORA: MULETA: MAJORCA: SPAIN MAGNIFICENT BRAVO BRAVO BRAVO STOP DIFICTUL HUSBAN SENSACIONAL FUST THE PLOY NEEDED ON BIRDWAY WIT NEUMANN DIRECTION HARPVICKE IN THE LED STOP AIRMALLING CONTRACT STOP PROPOSE FOLOV UP WIT PRESONAL VISIT SO ONEST KINDLY REPLAY STOP REGARDS EVERETT SAMSTAG EMPIRE STAT ENTERPRIXES NEW YORK

I frowned. My neighbor Len Simkin was always talking about Sammy Samstag, the Broadway impresario, and had even promised Willie to interest him in *Vercingetorix*; but somehow this cable did not seem like a joke. Who would waste 10 dollars on kidding a dead man? Yet, if it wasn't a joke, why did Samstag send no prepaid reply coupon?

I tackled Mercurio, who admitted that such a form had, as it happened, come with the cable for Don Coñac, adding: "But since Don Cogñac is no more, perhaps some other foreigner may care to dispatch a telegram with its help."

So I cabled Samstag:

INTERESTED IN YOUR INTEREST STOP WILL ADVISE AUTHOR OF DIFFICULT HUSBAND CURRENTLY ON SAFARI TO GRANT OPTION IF FINANCIALLY COMMENSURATE WITH YOUR TRIPLE BRAVO STOP REGARDS

To explain that Willie was no longer available, and that the job of protecting Jaume fell to me, would have exceeded the prepaid allowance, so I signed "Fedora."

At the café, I met Len Simkin, a young-old fabricator of abstract mobiles. He had once briefly taken a very small part in an off-Broadway play, but was Muleta's sole contact with the Great White Way. "A pity poor Willie's dead," I said, when Len had finished his scathing comments on last night's performance by the Palma Repertory Troupe. "He might have got you a speaking part in this new Broadway play. Willie always admired your delivery."

"I don't get the joke," Len grumbled. "That wack gave me the creeps!"

"If you take my front-page news like that, Len," I told him, "you'll not be offered even a walk-on!"

"Still, I don't get it. . ."

"Well, you will—as soon as Sammy Samstag turns up here toting an enormous box of Havanas, and you're left in a corner smoking your foul *Peninsulares*."

"Neumann directing? Hardwicke in the lead as Vercingetorix?"

"No, the title isn't *Vercingetorix*. It's *The Difficult Husband*. Otherwise you've guessed right."

"You're very fonny, don't you, mister?" Len stalked away, then wheeled angrily, and came out with a splendid

(continued on page 54)

FORMAL WEAR GOES CONTINENTAL

Classically correct in Continental dinner jackets and accessories are these two fashionable fellows, here awaiting their dawdling dates after an evening at the theatre. The gentleman wielding the cigarette lighter is decked out in a one-button mohair and worsted dinner jacket with fitted waist, satin-faced peak lapels and silk-piped sleeve cuffs, by Palm Beach, $85, over a narrow-pleated Arrow dress shirt, $6.50. He totes a lightweight, waterproof topcoat of wool and mohair with removable velvet collar, cuffed sleeves and scarlet satin lining, by Aquascutum, $95. His gloves are black capeskin, by American Astral, $8.50, and his hat a Dobbs narrow-brimmed black Homburg, $20. The cheroot fancier is wearing a mohair and worsted dinner jacket with a satin-piped shawl collar and removable sleeve cuffs, by After Six, $95, with a medium-pleated Manhattan dress shirt, $5.95. His hat's a soft, low-crown bowler by Stetson, $13.50, and works wonders with the semi-fitted coat of hopsack worsted with peak lapels, by Hickey-Freeman, $165; Fownes' gray suede gloves, $6, complete the formal scene.

attire **By BLAKE RUTHERFORD**

DIFFICULT HUSBAND *(continued from page 52)*

curtain line: "In my opinion, jokes about dead Americans stink!"

When Jaume stepped from the Palma-Muleta bus, looking bigger and more morose than ever, no one rolled out the red carpet. That evening I found him alone in his cottage, cooking a bean and blood-pudding stew over the wood-fire; and accepted an invitation to share it. Jaume asked for details on Willie's death, and wept to hear about the open window.

"He was a brother to me," he choked. "So magnanimous, so thoughtful! And since he could not manage this little property by himself, I had asked Toni Coll to tend the trees, and go half shares in the lemons and oil. Toni has just paid me two thousand pesetas. We are not friends, but he would have lost face with the village by neglecting my land while I was doing my service. He even repaired the terrace that fell before my departure."

I had brought along a bottle of red Binisalem wine, to celebrate Samstag's cable.

"Poor Willie, how wildly enthusiastic he would have been," Jaume sighed, when I read it to him. "And how he would have drunk and sung! This comes too late. Willie always wanted me to enjoy the success that his frailties prevented him from attaining."

"May he rest in peace!"

"I had no great theatrical ambition," Jaume continued, after a pause. "Willie forced me to write first *The Indulgent Mother*, and then *The Difficult Husband*."

"Did they take you long?"

"*The Indulgent Mother*, yes. Over the second I did not need to rack my brains. It was a gift."

"Yet Señor Samstag, a most important person, finds the result magnificent. That is certainly a triumph. You have a copy of the play?"

"Only in Majorcan."

"Do you realize, Jaume, what will happen if *The Difficult Husband* pleases Broadway?"

"Might they pay me?"

"Pay you, man? Of course! With perhaps five percent of the gross takings, which might mean fifty thousand dollars a week. Say it ran for a couple of years, you'd amass . . . let me work it out — well, some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"That means nothing to me. What part of a peseta is a dollar?"

"Listen: if things go well, you may earn *twelve million pesetas* . . . And even if the play proves a dead failure, you'd get two hundred thousand, merely by selling Señor Samstag the right to stage it!"

"Your talk of millions confuses me. I would have accepted five hundred pesetas for the job."

"But you would equally accept twelve million?"

"Are these people mad?"

"No, they are clever businessmen."

"You make fun of me, Don Roberto!"

"I do not."

"Then, at least, you exaggerate? What I want to know is whether this telegram will help me to buy a donkey and retile my roof."

"I can promise you an avalanche of donkeys!"

• • •

Two days later the contract came, addressed to Willie. Its 30 pages covered all possible contingencies of mutual and reciprocal fraud on the part of author and producer, as foreseen by the vigilant Dramatists Guild of the Authors League of America; and dealt with such rich minor topics as Second Class Touring Rights, Tabloid Versions, Concert Tour Versions, Foreign Language Performances, and the sale of dolls or other toys based on characters in the play . . .

I was leafing through the document on the café terrace that afternoon, when Len entered. "There's a man at my place," he gasped excitedly, "name of Bill Truscott, who says he's Willie's agent! Bill and I were at Columbia together. Nice guy. He seems sort of puzzled to find no Willie . . . See here: could it be that you weren't kidding me about his Broadway show the other day?"

"I never kid. Got no sense of humor."

"Is that so? Well, anyhow, I told Bill you might be able to help him. Come along!"

Bill Truscott, a gaunt Bostonian, welcomed us effusively. "I sent *The Difficult Husband* to Samstag's office ten days ago," he said, "and a spy I keep there sent word that the old s.o.b. was jumping my claim. Doesn't like agents, favors the direct approach. But let's get this straight: is Fedora really dead? My spy swears that he cabled Samstag from this place."

"Correct. He's still dead. Yet he promised to meet Samstag and discuss this document," — I tapped the contract — "which maybe you'd better have a look at. Tell me, do you speak Spanish? Jaume Gelabert has no English or French."

"Gelabert? Who's Gelabert? Never heard of him."

"Author of *The Difficult Husband*. Fedora's only the translator."

"Only the translator — are you sure? That changes everything. I took it for Fedora's own work . . . What sort of a guy is this Gelabert? Any previous stage successes?"

"He made a hit with *The Indulgent Mother*," I said, kicking Len under the table. "He's a simple soul — you might call him a recluse."

"Know of any arrangement between Fedora and Gelabert as to the translator's fee?"

"I can't think that they made one. Fedora drank, and did the job by way of a favor to Gelabert, who had been caring for him . . . Are you worried about your commission?"

"*Am* I worried? However, Gelabert will need an agent and, after all, Fedora sent the play to my office. Len will vouch for me, won't you, Len?"

"I'm sure he will, Mr. Truscott," I said, "and you'll vouch for him. Len needs some vouching for."

"I'm on my knees, Don Roberto," Len whined, groveling gracefully.

I let him grovel awhile, and asked Truscott: "But didn't Fedora acknowledge Gelabert's authorship in a covering letter?"

"He did, I remember, mention a local genius who had defended him against some Chinese and was now setting off to fight the Moors, while he himself guarded the lemon grove — and would I please try enclosed play on Samstag; but that's as far as it went, except for some passages in a crazy foreign language, full of Xs and Ys."

"I gather the letter has disappeared?"

Truscott nodded gloomily

"In fact, you can't prove yourself to be Fedora's agent, let alone Gelabert's?"

No reply. I pocketed the contract and rolled myself a cigarette, taking an unnecessarily long time about it. At last I said: "Maybe Gelabert would appoint you his agent; but he's a difficult man to handle. Better leave all the talking to me."

"That's very nice of you . . . I surely appreciate it. I suppose you've seen a copy of *The Difficult Husband*?"

"Not yet."

"Which makes two of us! You see: after reading Fedora's crazy letter, I tossed the typescript, unexamined, to my secretary Ethel May who, for all that she was the dumbest operator on 38th Street, had beautiful legs and neat habits. Hated to throw away anything, though — even gift appeals. She filed it under TRY MR. SAMSTAG. Ethel May got married and quit. Then, one day, I came down with the grippe, and that same evening Sam wanted a script in a hurry — some piece by a well-known author of mine. I called Ethel May's replacement from my sick-bed and croaked: 'Send off the Samstag script at once! Special messenger.' The poor scared chick didn't want to confess that she'd no notion what the hell I was talking about. She chirped: 'Certainly, Chief!' and went away to search the files. As a matter of fact, said script was still

(continued on page 85)

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Morris, knock it off. When are you going to remember I'm married?"

travel **By A. C. SPECTORSKY**

the idyllic island's joys are blended of british niceties and tropic fun

JAMAICA

PHOTOS FOR PLAYBOY BY DON BROWN

Natives dance to shouts of "Limbo-limbo!" Cocktail hour, patio style, to accompaniment of calypso and dance music. Nimble Jamaican goats are raced on the white sand beach.

Jamaica is an island shaped island in the Caribbean, a bit south of Cuba, about 18° north of the Equator, a bit under 200 miles in length, about 40 miles at its widest, and blessed with a heavenly climate year round. You can get to Jamaica from Miami in two hours via B.W.I.A., Pan American, K.L.M. and Avianca. You can get there nonstop from New York via Avianca and B.O.A.C. in 6½ hours, at a round-trip cost of $259. It would take 49½ hours — if you could make the right connections — and cost $323 to go to Jamaica from Juneau, Alaska, but if you were in Juneau at this time of year, you'd probably deem it worth the time and money. You can't get to Jamaica from Magnitogorsk, but nobody cares. *(continued on page 60)*

VINE
HOLLYWOOD

THE BURGHER'S BEAUTIFUL WIFE

A freshly translated tale from *Gesanmtabenteuer*, by Johannes von Freiberg

THERE ONCE LIVED a burgher so wealthy that his equal was not to be found in the whole city of Nürnberg. His praise resounded from many mouths and his name was known far and wide. He had a wife who was equally renowned, for she was very beautiful.

Now, the burgher had in his employ a young scribe who was fired by one ambition, and that was to serve the burgher's wife, not for gold or silver, but only for love. From dawn till dusk he could think only of her. But whenever he approached her with gentle words, she naturally received him coldly. And when he sought to press his attentions, she would cry, "Scribe, you have lost your senses! If you do not stop talking to me in this fashion, I will tell my husband."

This state of affairs lasted until one evening the wife fell asleep on a wooden bench in the kitchen. The scribe, happening to come along, saw her lying there and an idea suddenly came to him. He wet his finger in a pail of water and then made it sooty by rubbing it against a large black whetstone. Taking a lantern from the table, he tiptoed over to the sleeping girl and gently raised her dress so that her beautiful body was exposed. With his sooty finger he drew a tiny black circle just below her navel. Then he lowered her dress again.

An hour later, when she was awake, he greeted her cheerily.

"I can do without your greetings," she replied.

The scribe feigned great surprise and cried, "What kind of talk is that? An hour ago you acted quite differently when I kissed and embraced you. In truth, you held very still as if it were your most ardent desire!"

The wife's eyes became as large as saucers. "What you say is not true!" she retorted with heat. "I would rather be flayed of hide and hair than let you rob me of my virtue!"

"It grieves me that my words offend you," countered the scribe, "but I can prove the truth of what I say. Since toward the end you naturally pretended to be asleep, I painted a little black circle on your belly before I left."

Quickly she went out into the garden and behind a large tree. She lifted her dress and discovered the black ring below her navel. Blushing angrily she asked herself, "What devil has done this? Did the scribe actually rob me of my honor while I was asleep? How could he have done so? I cannot believe it possible! I will beg him to tell me how it was done!"

The wife now went to the scribe and said with a warm smile, "I should really be very angry with you. Whoever gave you permission to embrace me?"

The youth lowered his eyes. "No one," he answered, "and I am ready to accept any punishment you mete out."

"In faith," she cried, "I will neither slap nor scold you. And since what is done is done, I will make the best of it. But I would like to ask you how you were able to embrace me without my knowing it? If you will only tell me, I will never bear you ill will again."

The youth looked at her. "I can only make it clear to you by embracing you again, and that I cannot do here where all can see."

"But where and when can this take place?"

The reply came readily. "In your chamber when all are fast asleep."

And so it was agreed, thereby proving the truth of the old adage: women are long of hair and short of brains.

— Translated by William H. Schad

JAMAICA *(continued from page 56)*

Jamaica is, of course, the original Island in the Sun — of song, film, book and stuff — but its history is not so sunny. Peaceful Arawak Indians once called it home, but they were too peaceful: the Spaniards killed them all. Later, the British routed the Spaniards. American tourists have not yet defeated the British, hence the annoying British currency and the quaint British customs which still prevail there. Runaway slaves took over a hunk of trackless high country on the Island years and years ago — called The Cockpit Country — and their decendants, called Maroons, still live there, autonomously, having made peace with nobody. Explorers have gone into The Cockpit Country but — according to local legend — nobody has come out. No danger to tourists, though, unless they yen to explore the region.

Nothing much original nor unique has come out of Jamaica. Calypso, limbo dancing, Afro-Cuban rhythms and other popular Caribe exports all originated elsewhere. Mento (a kind of work song) is a native Jamaican product, but you never heard of it before and are unlikely to hear it on the Island, which is calypso happy.

Yet there is a very special quality which Jamaica does have, one which captures a response almost akin to love for the place, even on a brief vacation.

To look at, it is exotically glorious. Those who are accustomed to associating miles of white sand beach with too-great heat and a flat or duny landscape will discover in Jamaica that it need not be so, for here there are towering jungle-clad mountains, lush valleys, incredibly stunning views from roads winding up sheer rock faces to jagged peaks where a cold wind blows while you look down thousands of feet to miles of cane and coconut. So, from the beach, you not only see mountains, you have them within easy access — and you have transparent blue water almost as warm as the limpid, fruity air, and you have the continuous cooling of the trade winds, which blow in from the sea by day. There is flat calm in the early morning and at evening; at night, the wind changes direction: high, cool mountain air — dry and salt-free — makes the southern firmament glitter.

Jamaica, with all its jungle growth, has no snakes. It has so few bugs that screens are unknown. (In all the time we were there, we saw not one mosquito.) Its climate is so even that glass-paned windows are a rarity — simply because they're not needed. French doors with mechanical louvers are the usual Jamaican concession to the needs of privacy and protection from the elements. They do have brief, fierce rainstorms in Jamaica; you can see them building, awesomely, over the mountains — and you can see the path of the pelting rain as it sweeps toward you over the Island. You take shelter, then, and in a matter of minutes — or a half hour — the storm passes, the sun comes out, the air sparkles. Other lands and islands have some of these Jamaican joys, but none seems to have them all.

If Mexico is the land of "Mañana," Jamaica is the land of "Oh, *yes* sir!" — an expression frequently heard there and never to be confused with simply "Yes, sir." "Yes, sir" means what you think it does; "Oh, *yes* sir!" may mean that you have not been understood — for North American speech is as baffling to the native Negro Jamaican as his is to us, and it does take getting used to. If it is, indeed, the case that your meaning is not understood, the "Oh, *yes* sir!" is merely an expression of good will — carrying with it the hope that you'll stop wanting whatever you asked for, or go away. Alternatively, it may mean that your request is intelligible but not fulfillable. Or, if it is a servant who is talking, his beaming "Oh, *yes* sir!" may be a clue that there will be a change of shift before your patience is exhausted — in which case your best bet is to wait for the change, make your request over again, and hope for the simple affirmative "Yes, sir," which means you'll get what you asked for fairly soon, though certainly not quickly.

This matter has been gone into at such length because Jamaican service is not always quite what you'd expect from the usual resort. It is compounded of superb courtesy and wild inefficiency, and proceeds from the interesting theory that 10 happy incompetents can accomplish the work of one expert. A diverting but discomfiting example of this notion in practice came to our attention when we paid a visit to one of the newest hotels, the completion of which was being impeded by a crew of laborers cheerfully and chattily knocking holes in new walls. Reason: the plumbing crew that had preceded the plastering crew had — somewhere within the structure's innards — connected the hot and cold water pipes to each other, and the junction was being sought.

But make no mistake: Jamaica is not an unspoiled tropic isle. (The whole notion of the unspoiled paradise is replete with dilemma and paradox. To the urban visitor looking for relaxation, the primitivism and rusticity of unspoiled places are more an irritation than a pleasure — yet these are very much a part of the "unspoiled" haven. To the urban man looking for fun, the natural beauties of the unspoiled paradise are apt to diminish sharply come evening, when he notes the absence of sophisticated pleasure and those pursuits which require good company for their relishment.)

Jamaica is a spoiled place, and that is what to seek — a place spoiled in the sense of pampered, spoiled in the sense of being the recipient and the bestower of a nice mixture of sybaritism and exclusivity. These are some of the spoiled virtues Jamaica enjoys: it seems immune to the noisy, crowded, honky-tonk resort syndrome; its natural beauties are bountifully abundant, yet it learned many years ago that the vacationing man is a gregarious and luxury-loving creature — and it gives him just the right admixture of man-made and natural pleasures that he seeks. Despite earlier comments concerning the low level of professional competence among servants, they do — perhaps by their very numbers — make you feel well cared for in Jamaica, even when they cater to your wants at their own casual pace.

Jamaican food is somewhat hybrid, combining three influences: native, which is negligible; English, which is abominable, and Continental, which is benign. Fortunately, the predominant cuisine at most of Jamaica's hotels is definitely Continental, and ranges from merely commendable to excellent, what with a profusion of tropic fish, fruits and vegetables, British baking (one of the Empire's few positive culinary accomplishments) and excellent imported meats. (Native meat, especially the beef, is, one supposes, a taste that takes longer than the average vacation to acquire.)

Breakfasts generally consist of a huge platter of gleaming fresh tropical fruits, followed by your choice of the usual breakfast foods — plus Kedgeree, a concoction much favored at one time by the British Navy and consisting of — among other ingredients — rice, fish and raisins. You don't have to try it.

Lunch is almost universally buffet style. Huge tables are heaped with every conceivable kind of hot and cold hors d'oeuvre, canapé, delicatessen, smorgasbord and what have you. A calypso band is playing. You help yourself, and then a waiter or bus boy carries your heaping plate to your table and serves you your preferred beverages. Return trips to the groaning board are encouraged.

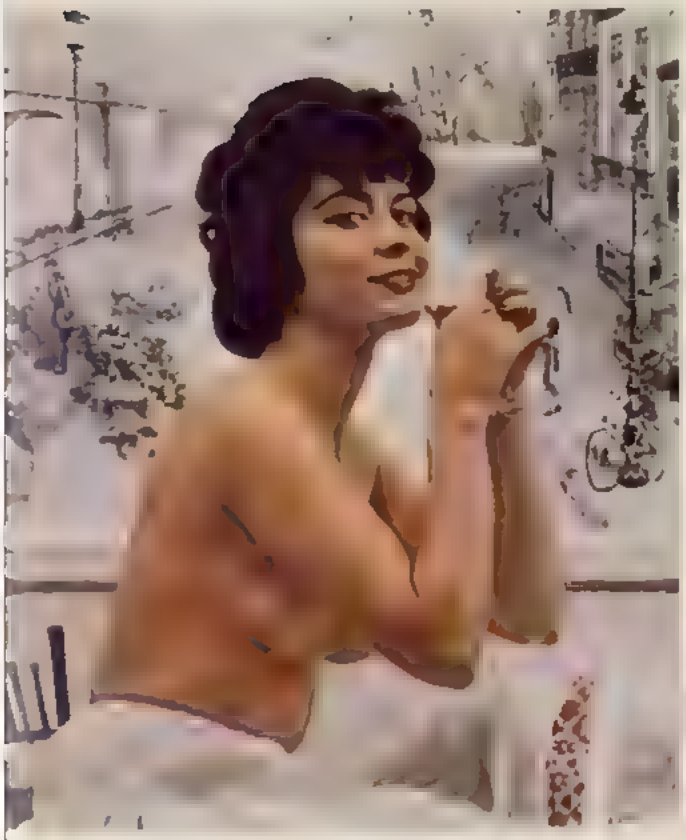
You will want to dress for dinner. While swim trunks, walk shorts and T-shirts are just about all you'll need for daytime activity, come sundown, you'll feel more comfortable in tropical formals. Dining is usually late; there is a nice, long, calypso-accompanied cocktail hour, the dining patio is usually adjacent to the open-air dance floor, and the whole scene is quite gala and charming.

(continued on page 74)

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

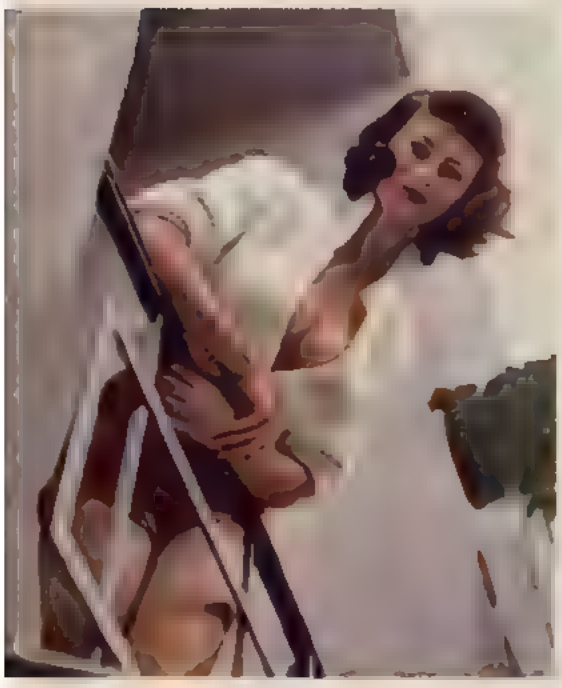
IF, AS MR. ELIOT once T.S.'d, "April is the cruelest month," January must certainly be the kindest, at least to men who like to look at lovely girls. For it is in the first month of each year that the dazzlers of the previous year return to grace our pages with a collective appearance. A more cuddly covey than the girls who won the Playmate mantle in 1959 would, we feel, be hard to imagine, and after you check out the accompanying evidence, we think you'll agree. In a musical comedy they call it a Reprise; in a concert, it's an Encore; the legitimate theatre calls it a Curtain Call; impresarios are fond of calling it a Return Engagement; we call it *Playboy's Playmate Review* and whatever you call it, it's By Popular Demand

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen

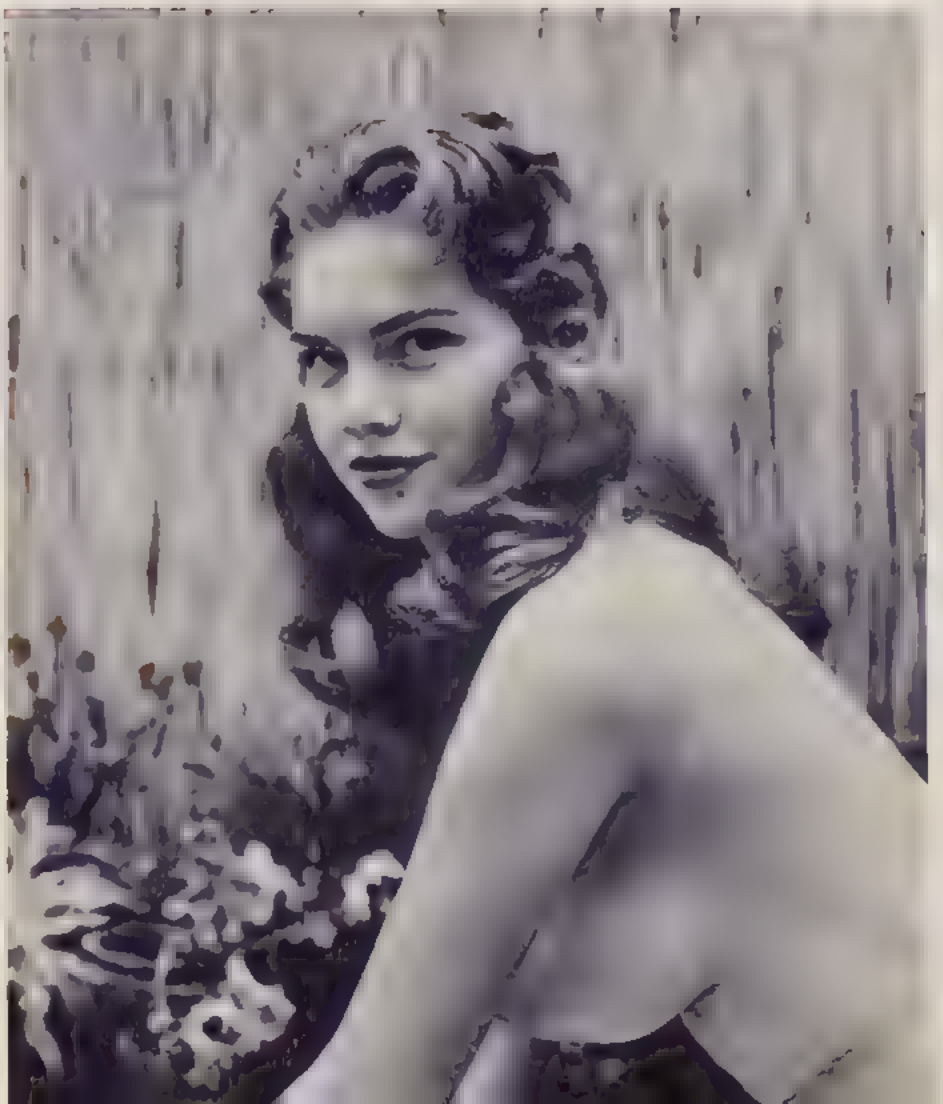


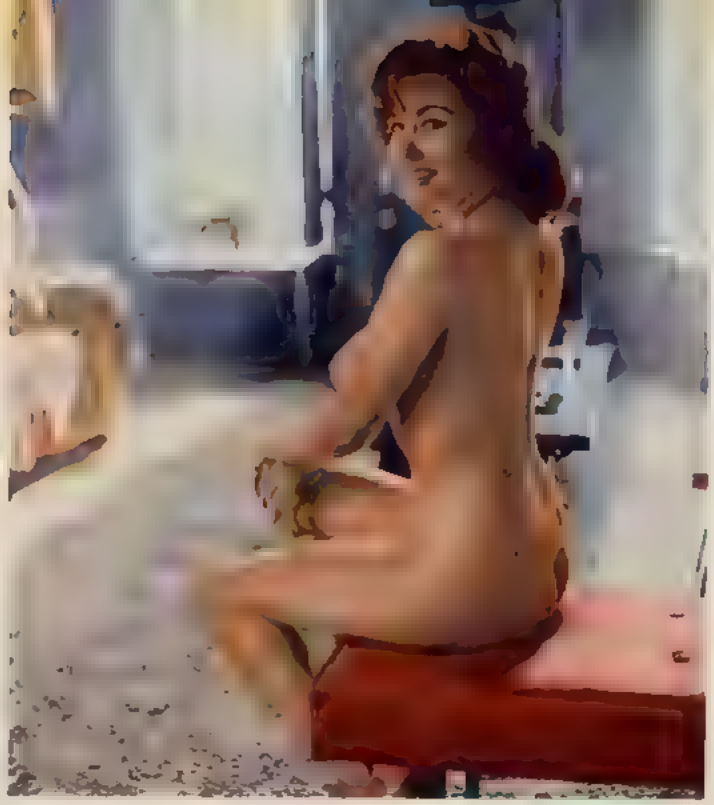
Right: in August, Clayre Peters threw open the doors to her penthouse parapet far above Broadway, but her negligeed freshness proved to be sultrier than the season, and temperatures rose across the nation. Above: the baying of the hounds had virile echoes when we went fox hunting in April; as we posted across the veldts of Virginia, we discovered, with delight, that a dark-eyed darling sat the horse next to ours with consummate grace. Her name was Nancy Crawford, and a goodly portion of the horsy set agreed when we decided that equestrian questing had not had so charming a champion since the days of a Lady named Godiva.

Above: they also serve as Playmates who only stand and wait—on table, for instance. California cocktail waitress Donna Lynn traded an apron for a Bikini in November.



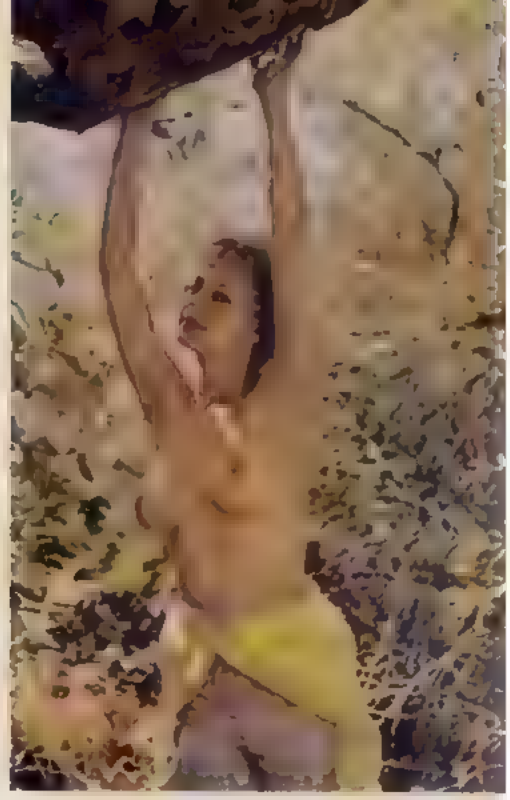
Above: bookish readers judged librarian Virginia Gordon by her uncover in January, and read her message loud and clear. Right: December brought us the fresh loveliness of legal secretary Ellen Stratton who raised no point of order when caught in her briefs.





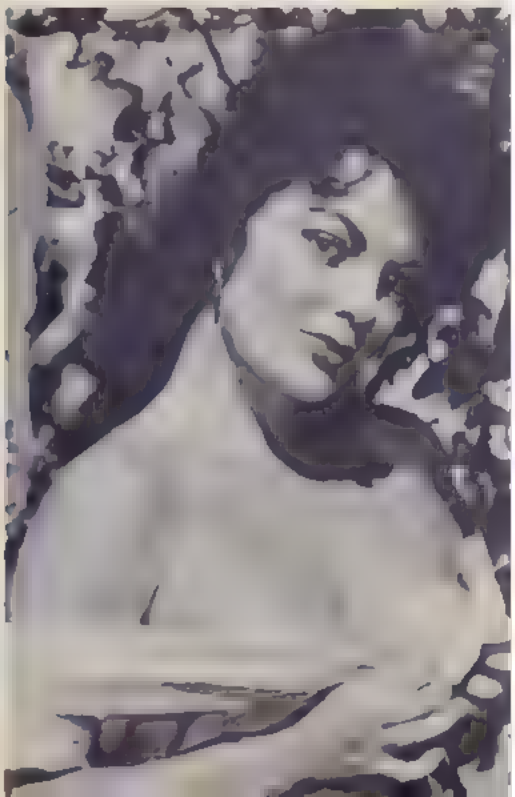
Right: October's autumnal air contained falling leaves and a snap and tingle that were perfect background for a visit to an amusement park. The razzle remembered from boyhood still dazzled us mildly, but the best attraction we saw was frolicsome Elaine Reynolds.

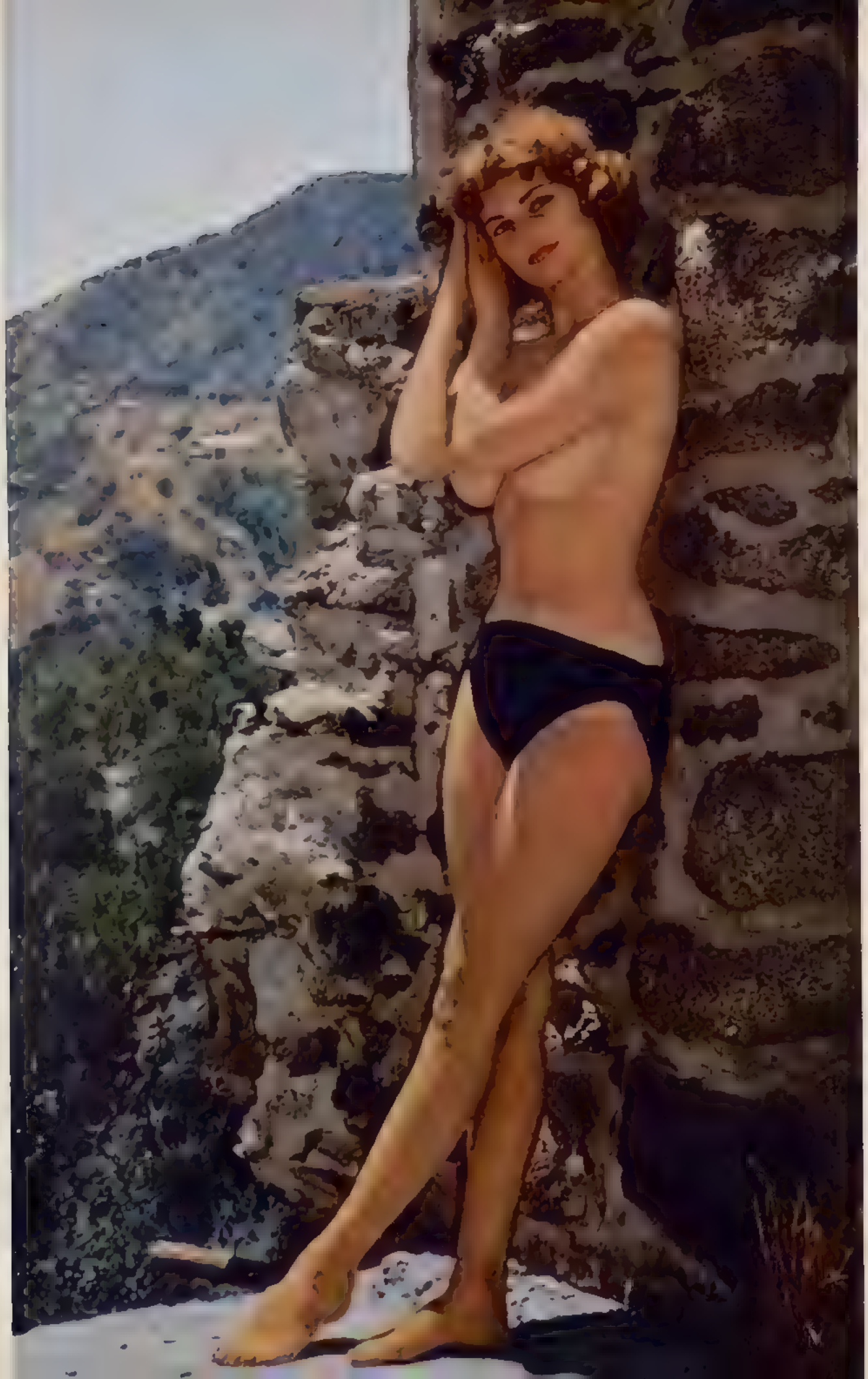
Below: traditionally a month of harvest, September turned out to be as much for us, we reaped appreciation and applause when Marianne Gaba's many graces gained her entrance to our gatefold. Her face had appeared on countless magazine covers, but from the neck down she was unknown territory to an army of male admirers. When she was shown at full length, the happy unanimous opinion was that there was a good deal more to Gaba than had met the eye.



Above: the espresso-scented scenes that comprise the beat bohemia were explored in July, and exemplified by beauteous beatnik Yvette Vickers, whose allure made many viewers remember that beat originally has to do with the heart. Below: Cindy Fuller set a sort of record for one girl's appearance in PLAYBOY. In the May issue, her charms enhanced more than a dozen pages, both as Playmate and as glamorous guest at a house party in Florida.

Above: the uptown and downtown lowdown on scooting around Hollywood in a sports car was provided for us in March by Audrey Doston, who set us a pretty pace while shopping for a bathing suit which she later posed without, unbending next to her Mercedes. Below: in June we uncovered Marilyn Harold as Charlie, decorative assistant to George Gobel in his nightclub act. Even though her only part in the act was to hand lonesome George his guitar, we decided that Gobel had made a wise pick. Right: February found Eleanor Bradley framed in fish net. A small-town girl with big-time assets, Eleanor's pulchritudinous person made many a man write to tell us that we'd netted one of the most pleasing Playmates of all.





LOVE PHILTRE *(continued from page 22)*

said. "It would be wrong for a woman to interfere. I think you must keep it on a man-to-man basis. Frank is going to New York on Saturday for a rehearsal, and as soon as Rosa and I drive off to the village to do our shopping, I'm sure Vittorio will hurry down to see you."

My wife was right. Saturday morning, 10 minutes after she left the house, I was repeating to Vittorio Adamello in my own living room the upsetting reason why his brother and sister-in-law had not yet raised a family and, according to Frank Adamello, never would.

"The medical aspects of it sound a little strange to me," I said. "But Frank assured me half a dozen doctors had given him and Rosa the same diagnosis, so I suppose it's sound enough. In any event, as a medical student you're in a much better position to know about that than I am."

Vittorio Adamello nodded and scowled at his large, powerful hands. I had the impression that he was struggling with the information I had brought him and, in view of it, trying to reach some sort of decision. The sun, striking him in profile and at an angle, made me suddenly aware of something I had never realized before: Vittorio Adamello was an extremely handsome young man. Finally, with a gesture that seemed to indicate he had reached a decision, he looked up.

"The medical aspects are indeed, as you put it, strange," he said. "If Frank is willing to take a certain amount of risk, however, I think they are not insoluble. Would you tell that to my brother?"

"Why don't you tell him yourself?" I said. "You're staying in the same house with him."

"It is, as I said last week, a subject a younger brother cannot discuss with an older brother," Vittorio Adamello said. "I ask you please, as my brother's friend, to tell him that I said, if he is willing to take a certain amount of risk, the medical aspects of his and Rosa's problem are not, in my opinion, insoluble."

An hour later, when my wife came home and I had told her about Vittorio's request, I asked her if she could figure out what was behind it.

"I don't know what's behind it," my wife said thoughtfully. "But I can tell you, because it seems pretty obvious, what's happening on the surface."

"What's that?"

"The Adamello brothers are trying to say something to one another. They don't want to say it directly. Perhaps they can't. So they are using you as their communications system. It may be puzzling, and even annoying, but it doesn't seem to me to be too much to do for a friend. I think you ought to give Vittorio's message to Frank."

I did, on the 9:14 Monday morning. His reaction to the message was the most peculiar thing that had happened thus far. First he looked delighted. Then he looked frightened. And for a long time he just sat there, chewing his lower lip, staring blindly out the train window, and obviously struggling with the message I had brought him in an effort to reach some sort of decision. I was reminded of a child — whose delight in the receipt of a wonderful present has been shattered by the donor's advice that it might at any moment explode — trying to make up its mind whether to keep or return the alluring but dangerous gift. Just before our train pulled into Grand Central, Frank Adamello seemed to make up his mind.

"Please tell my brother," he said in a low voice, without looking at me, "that in spite of the risk, I give him my permission to make the attempt."

I neither understood nor liked the word risk. I made that perfectly clear the following Saturday, when I conveyed Frank's message to his younger brother, and then I asked for an explanation. Vittorio said he was sorry, but he was not at liberty to enlighten me. My wife did, two days later, when I came home from New York.

"Rosa came down the hill this afternoon for a cup of coffee," she said. "Between sips she dropped the rather startling news that there's a chance she might finally be able to have children."

"But according to the doctors she and Frank consulted, I thought it was impossible for her to become pregnant?"

"That's what Rosa thought, too."

"Why does she think differently now?"

"Because of Vittorio. According to the doctors, what has prevented Rosa from becoming pregnant up to now is her heart condition. Well, Vittorio, who seems to be more than just a brilliant medical student, has made a study of Rosa's heart condition, and he thinks he can cure it."

"How?"

"By changing the chemistry of her blood. It seems to be a matter of putting into Rosa's blood stream certain chemicals that are not there now. Some of these she can take with her food. Others Vittorio will have to inject into her veins. The whole process, according to Vittorio's calculations, should take about three months."

I stared at my wife for several long, silent moments. She is not a woman who is given to talking nonsense, or repeating the nonsense other people talk.

"Look," I said finally. "Do you believe this claptrap?"

"No, and I don't think Rosa does, either. But apparently Vittorio is being very persuasive."

"What about Frank?"

"He seems to be for it."

"I guess that explains the messages I've been carrying back and forth between them."

"Not quite," my wife said. "If all that's involved here is this preposterous scheme of Vittorio's, why couldn't he and Frank discuss it face to face?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I," my wife said. "It seems to me logical to assume, therefore, that this scheme about Rosa's blood stream is only a cover-up for something deeper, something Frank and his brother really couldn't discuss face to face. Where are you going?"

"Up the hill," I said. "I want to have a little talk with Rosa."

She was not, however, at home.

"Rosa just drove Vittorio down to the station," Frank said after he opened the door for me. "Vittorio came out for dinner, but he has to get back to New York tonight because he's got an exam in the morning."

I decided not to waste words.

"This crackpot scheme about changing the chemistry of Rosa's blood," I said. "You're not going to let her and Vittorio go through with it, are you?"

"Why not?"

I stared at him. Frank Adamello avoided my glance.

"Why not?" I repeated. "Because medicine is nothing for amateurs to fool around with," I snapped. "Because this is a ridiculous theory invented by an inexperienced boy, and if you allow him to try it out on your wife, it may damn well kill her, that's why not!"

Frank Adamello's jaw twitched, as though a twinge of pain had raced through it.

"Rosa wants children," he said in a low voice. "She's waited seven years for them, ever since we got married. She's not going to wait much longer. If she cannot have children, Rosa says she would rather be dead."

For several stunned moments I didn't know what to say. I felt like a man who volunteers to cash a small check for a friend and finds himself unexpectedly involved in a bank robbery. It had never occurred to me that these two warm, gay, charming people, this man and woman who on the surface appeared to be so close that I had always thought of them not as individuals but as a team, had actually been driven so far apart by a problem that in the lives of most people never even arises.

"It seems to me," I said uncomfortably, "the least you can do is check this theory of Vittorio's with a few reputable doctors and hear what they have to say."

Frank Adamello shook his head.

"I don't want to hear what the reputable doctors have to say," he said. "I've

(continued on page 78)

HEAVY, HEAVY, HANGOVER THY HEAD

article By RICHARD GEHMAN

CREASMAN

the imbiber's inferno by dawn's surly light

ONE OF THE MOST INADEQUATE definitions in *Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language,* Second Edition, Unabridged, is: "hang'-o'ver, *n.* The effect of a period of dissipation after the exhilaration has worn off." The understatement is devastating, for in that one word "effect" is concealed a terrible world of meaning.

When you do not simply awaken, but fight to get up from bottomless black depths, when your eyelids have turned to stone and it costs you an elephantine effort to open them, when someone has driven red-hot railroad spikes into your skull, when the flesh on your face reacts slowly to your touch (as though you were feeling it from a great distance, with a stick), when your tongue has turned into a furry vole with careless habits, when your throat has been first seared with a blowtorch and then covered with sand, when you would kill your mother for a drink of water, when your chest says clearly that a heart attack may occur within the next few minutes, when your stomach is a leaden vessel brimming with sulphuric acid, when the bed in which you lie suddenly has been fitted with a helicopter motor, when there are frightening and mysterious pains running all over your body, when assorted bruises hurt killingly on your arms and legs, when your own breathing sounds like the roar of a tornado, when you dare not face a recollection of the night before and know you could not face it anyhow because you do not remember anything whatever about it, when you are certain that you will never get out of the bed (or the chair, or up from the floor) because your mind cannot command your limbs to move and they would not have the strength to move anyhow — then, Mr. Webster, you can be said to have a hang'-o'ver, *n.*

The fury of the hangover varies, of course, from individual to individual, and from one onslaught to another. As Dr. Ben Karpman, eminent psychotherapist of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D.C., and something of an authority on hangovers, has said, "The hangover defies description in its range, sweep and variability . . . no brief, comprehensive description of it is possible."

Nevertheless, many men have condensed their reactions to the harrowing indisposition into pithy, memorable sentences. When Robert C. Ruark told Eddie Condon that he had been having a bout with gout, Condon nodded sympathetically and replied, "I had the gout myself when I woke up this morning — right between the ears." Baby Dodds, the old-time jazz drummer, once said, "Whiskey won't kill you — but it'll sure leave you sittin' there wishin' it had."

Such remarks are rueful, lefthanded tributes to the durability of the human spirit and to the quality that enables a clown to paint on a smile while his guts are weeping. A hangover is no laughing matter; it is a terrifying, paralyzing state of mind and body, in which hallucinations and pain vie for supremacy. Strong men have become so immobilized by it they have been unable to venture outside the house. Tim Costello, the eminent literary saloonkeeper in New York, after suffering one such, later said of it, "I got outside, all right, by using superhuman strength — but once in the street, I couldn't cross it." Other men have seen things — animals, surrealist birds, demons and devils. There is only one good thing about a hangover. Eventually, given sufficient time, rest, food and restoratives, it goes away.

There are two explanations for hangovers, a short one and a long one. The short one hardly need be mentioned: a man gets a hangover because he drinks too much. The long one, according to medical men at the Yale Institute of Alcohol Studies — men who have been studying hangovers for more than two decades — is predicated upon the way the human body functions. This complicated machine we live in, says one Yale psychiatrist, has three ways of using up alcohol, which is a food, albeit a highly individualistic kind of food — since it contains no vitamins, no proteins and no minerals, and tears right into the blood stream without being digested. In the case of some people, alcohol can be absorbed into the blood stream right through the walls of the throat, but this is unusual.

Urination is the first method the body uses to dispose of alcohol, but urination accounts for only about five percent. Between five and 15 percent more of the

alcohol is volatilized in the lungs and exhaled as breath (most commonly, as bad breath). The rest of it — anywhere from 80 to 90 percent — is oxidized, like all other food, in a process that begins in the liver, a stubborn little organ that will only do so much work in a given space of time. And all it will do in a single hour is dispose of a little less than the alcohol in one one-ounce shot of whiskey, gin or vodka.

Some men think that certain drinks make them drunker and give them worse hangovers than others; but this is entirely dependent on the strength of the drink. The martini, traditionally made (according to Toots Shor) of "genitals and fists," as well as its familiar components of gin and vermouth, makes a man drunker more quickly than, say, a Scotch highball simply because the alcoholic content is higher. A martini is likely to contain two and a half or three ounces of hard stuff, which makes it about 45 percent alcohol, discounting the vermouth. A highball probably contains only about an ounce and a half or two ounces of whiskey and a proportionately lower amount of alcohol. If you drink four martinis before dinner, a half-bottle of wine during it, a couple of brandies with coffee and then settle down to some serious bourbon-belting for the rest of the evening, you will most likely wind up with a hangover, but less because you mixed your drinks than because of the amount of alcohol consumed, although mixing drinks may occasionally cause stomach distress.

Theoretically, say the scientists, a man could drink a one-ounce shot of anything alcoholic every hour of the day, day in and day out, and never get drunk, or suffer a hangover. The liver, with its ability to dispose of only one shot (or ounce) per hour, is not the sole cause of a hangover, but it is a very important factor, and the thing for the drinker to remember is that all men's livers are alike, and if a liver gets more booze than it can oxidize in its plodding fashion, a hangover is usually the result.

Next to the limited activities of the liver, the chief factors in hangover-production, viscerally speaking, are the stomach, the intestines, and the bowels. Alcohol is an irritant, no matter how delectable its taste. It provokes, at first, an unusual flow of digestive juices — and, since alcohol does not have to be digested because it passes into the blood stream without waiting for the process, these juices tend to boil around in the stomach and cause gastritis. The stomach passes the misery along to the intestines, and they in turn give it to their extensions, the bowels.

Alcohol is not the only offender. All drinkers who smoke are inclined to smoke more when they are punishing the bottle. Whereas alcohol dilates the blood vessels (which is why drinkers' eyes so often resemble mercurochrome stains in the snow), smoking contracts them. The smoke more often than not wins out over the alcohol, contracting veins in the head and brain (which causes headaches) and in other parts of the body (which sometimes causes those odd twinging pains).

In one sense, these annoying phenomena are merely symptomatic. The major cause of a real hangover is the reaction of the central nervous system, doctors say. Alcohol in the blood replaces some of the oxygen in the blood. The upper part of the brain is least able to do without oxygen in its tissues if it is to function normally. The percentage of alcohol in the blood stream necessary to make a person drunk varies according to individual susceptibility, though most people get drunk when alcohol makes up .15% of the blood stream. When this happens, the cortex does not operate at its usual rate of efficiency. This causes slurring of speech, staggering, inability to light matches, etc. And when the alcohol begins to be used up by the bodily processes described previously, the cortex is left in a supersensitive state. The result is a hangover. The immediate result is the headache — but the nervous system is also involved in all the other maladies and tremors.

The parching, demanding thirst that all hangover victims experience is due, in large part, to the nervous system's causing a shift of water within the body. Scientists are not entirely certain why this shift occurs, but they know that it does. (And so does anybody who has endured a hangover.) The body is composed of approximately 70 percent water. A third of it is in the form of blood, lymph gland secretions, digestive juices. The other two thirds are in the body's cells. For no reason that hangover scholars are able to pin down, alcohol causes the cells to lose their water, or part of it. When this happens, the victim gets thirsty. And he remains thirsty until the liver and kidneys have resumed their normal functions, and all other alcohol-eliminating functions have done their duties so that only a negligible amount of alcohol remains in the blood stream.

These days scientists are coming to believe that alcohol's effect on the cortex is even more of a determinant in hangover stomach trouble than the direct action of alcohol on the stomach. The nervous system first tells the stomach to speed up its activity (which is why a drink or two before dinner will make a man's appetite hearty). Then the cortex tells the stomach to slow down. Finally it forces its activity to stop altogether. After seven or eight drinks, you usually do not feel hungry; all normal stomach activity has stopped. The pyloric valve, between the stomach and the small intestines, has closed. This means that the stomach can't pass along whatever food might be in it to be digested, and when digestion leaves off, nausea usually takes over. When everything is out, the valve opens again and the stomach and intestines attempt to get back on their routine.

It is the alcoholic's lack of hunger, caused by the letdown in digestive processes, that causes the horrendous diseases from which alcoholics die or get laid up for long periods. It has been conclusively proved that alcohol itself does not harm the human body. Neither does it harm the nervous system; it upsets its balance for the moment — but usually not for more than 48 hours. Animals who have been kept on the stuff in laboratories and have been fed regularly, have continued to function normally, if drunkenly, and produce children. But the lack of hunger causes a person to stop eating which, in turn, causes malnutrition, and it, in turn, causes cirrhosis of the liver, kidney trouble, neuritis and other diseases ordinarily associated with alcoholism. However, the fact remains that the drunk who eats as regularly as he drinks won't fall victim to these maladies.

Of all the hangover's attendant maladies, the headache is usually the worst. As noted before, it frequently is caused by fluctuations in blood pressure. The liver's malfunction also can cause headache. But again it is the central nervous system, its imbalance, and the extreme sensitivity that follows, that causes the shooting pains or the dull, implacable aches in the head.

There is another — and perhaps more important — factor in the headache. First advanced by Dr. Harold Wolff in *Headache and Other Head Pain*, a newly accepted theory holds that a headache results because the alcohol-stimulated brain just does too much while drinking. The drinker almost always engages in excesses. He talks more than usual, sings at the top of his lungs, laughs wildly, tries impossible athletic feats and in general makes an energetic fool of himself. This requires tremendous brain effort. The brain gets tired. A headache results. More often than not, he is remorseful the next day. Remorse is now recognized as an important factor in any severe hangover.

There are guilt feelings in all of us, the psychoanalysts say, and in most of us there are more than we realize. The morning-after knowledge of excessive behavior the night before awakens these hidden feelings in people who have not adjusted themselves competently. Wally Cox once told a friend that he did not drink for years because he could not bear the hangovers, which brought out all sorts of guilts and feelings of re-

(continued on page 72)

MORE TEEVEE JEEBIES

additional dialog for the late late show

WHEN WE FIRST TUNED readers in on a little game we call *Teevee Jeebies* last July, it caused no end of favorable comment and chuckles among the many who had suffered through fifth and sixth showings of vintage film fare on television to the point where they could recite the dialog almost before the actors. The idea is to turn down the audio on your set and then supply your own scenario to the stirring scenes that move across the video screen. The more active the imagination, the more the fun, as you'll see in these samples from some typical TV movies.

"OK, hon—you need the coat—buy the coat!"

"Harry, you spoke before the Women's Club for 40 minutes with your fly open!!"

"Would you like that in two dimes and a nickel or 25 pennies?"

"Did you remember to take out the garbage?"

"Of course, I was much younger then . . ."

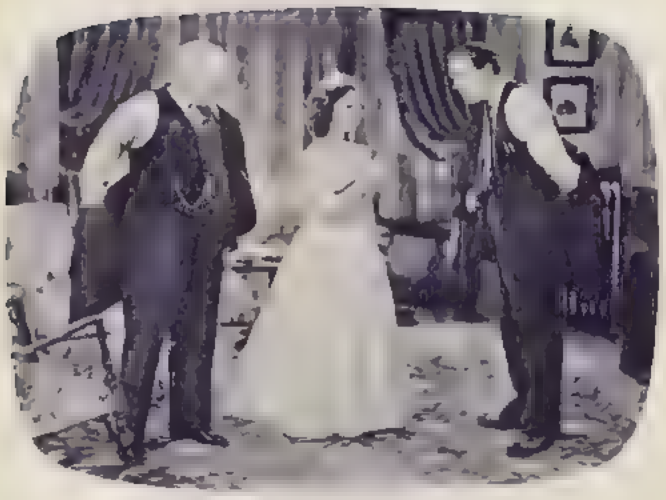
"A lot of cowboys grow attached to their horses, but let's face it — you're involved!"

"Look, it shouldn't be so difficult to remember: the back of your collar goes down and the back of your hat goes up!"

"Which one of you gentlemen called for room service?"

"You little devil — I thought you meant Lipton's tea!"

"Every morning — like clockwork — one grade A egg!"



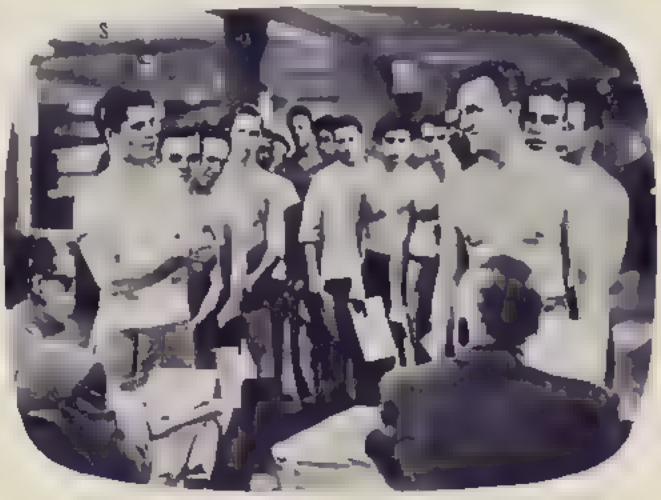
"Now remember, I'm only 12 years old."

"Here come those damn pigeons again!"

"Yes, Mrs. Bernweather of Gary, Indiana, <u>this is your life</u> . . ."

"Look at it this way—it's therapy."

"Oh—you're a telephone operator. For a minute I thought you'd been stabbed in the chest by a buffalo!"



"Now, Mr. Johnson, do you like girls? . . . Mr. Johnson? . . . Mr. Johnson?!"

HEAVY, HEAVY, HANGOVER *(continued from page 68)*

morse. Finally he completed a successful psychoanalysis. "Now," he said, "I can drink all evening long—and feel a little queasy next day, but without feeling a trace of headache. I have no remorse; all I remember is what a good time I had." Experiments conducted at Yale revealed that the presence of other people is more exciting to the drinker, and does more to contribute to guilt feelings. The Yale men put several men in rooms by themselves and gave them as much as they wished to drink, with instructions that they should drink until they passed out. Next morning, none of the men had headaches.

Remorse is not the only psychological factor in the hangover. One of the men cited in Dr. Karpman's *The Hangover*, a certain Axel, set down 12 different kinds of hangovers he had gone through, classifying them by his behavior during each. Some days he felt guilty, angry, or just plain bored; other days, he turned to religion and tried to straighten himself out, still others, his sex drives were stronger than they normally were. Axel was a confirmed alcoholic, and certainly not to be compared with those of us who drink for fun, but many of us have known most of the emotions that coursed through his morning distresses.

"My hangovers never reach the suicide-contemplating stage," says Robert Ruark, "but even have a sort of gentle melancholy, or something, which leaves me feeling sexy." A number of people consulted in the research for this article also said that girls seem to look especially good to them when they have hangovers. A psychiatrist says that this particular hangover reaction is quite common, and may be explained by the fact that a hangover sends anxieties and insecurities floating up to the top of the consciousness, like the sea giving up her dead. "The hangover, which makes a man feel worthless, makes him wish to prove his worth," this doctor says, "and one of the first methods that occurs to him is the conquest of a woman." Fortunately, many women are similarly affected.

With other men, sex is the last thing on their minds: it is effort enough just to sit and endure the splitting head and the inside-out stomach. Aspirin sometimes helps relieve the pain of the headache, some mild alkali will help settle the stomach, and a tranquilizer may aid in calming the nerves. But for the most part, men behave like Prince Michael Romanoff, the Hollywood restaurateur, who recently said, "I do nothing but suffer. That is all I can do. Naturally, I try to do it regally. A sleeping pill helps."

Fatigue, as Romanoff realizes, is another major component of the hangover. Usually the drinker does not sleep enough. He may fall into a sodden, dreamless sleep as soon as he passes out, but after a few hours the trouble the alcohol has caused in his body will begin to catch up with him, and the uneasy cortex finally awakens him. "Thus," Lincoln Barnett and Henry C. Clark wrote in an article in *Life*, "sleeplessness compounds the fatigue which overhangs and exacerbates the localized hangover symptoms."

Upon awakening, few hangover victims can sit still. The inner tremors and rumbles are too demanding. The late John McNulty, the chronicler of many a Third Avenue hangover (and the participant in many more), used to use up his mornings-after by buffing his English shoes. Wild Bill Davison polishes his collection of antiques. Marc Rubin, a New York restaurateur, gives his dog a bath. Joe Ferrer plays tennis. Other men clean up their quarters; others go about nervously picking things up and putting them down. Ruark says that his hangovers are characterized by an inability to put *anything* down: "My hands become entangled with keys, cigarettes, matches, handkerchiefs, old letters, hats, shoes and anything else handy, and I just sort of change the impedimenta from one fist to the other."

Some hangovers evoke an uncontrollable wanderlust—a desire to get the hell out of the house and go somewhere. Nearly all hung-over men are great visitors; they always need companionship and sympathy in enormous quantities. Humphrey Bogart used to go out, wander around aimlessly, and buy things he didn't need; once he bought a painting in Paris, a dark and murky composition that he thought was a battle scene. It turned out, when he had a clearer look at it, to be a rendering of a harvest. Jackie Gleason is another wanderer, and a firm advocate of the theory that the only way to get rid of the fires of a hangover is to douse them with alcohol.

Hair of the dog can temporarily banish the headache, help calm the nerves, furnish a bit of energy and arouse the patient's appetite, but it is obviously not without its dangers.

The advocates of dog hair swear by it. Here is another peculiarity of the hangover sufferer. He usually has his own hangover cure, and he becomes almost belligerent in defending it. The same is true of hangover preventives. More nonsense has been written and spoken about cures and preventives than perhaps any other subject, except possibly religion and sex, in the history of mankind. The superstitions concerning cures go back to the time of the Romans, who advocated eating owlet's eggs, roasted sheep's lights, or the ashes of a swallow's beak. Men today swear by bland foods (milk, scrambled eggs, huge loaves of Italian bread), by hot foods (chili, oysters with Tabasco), or by a combination of the two (scrambled eggs inundated by some sort of hot sauce).

Preventives are just about worthless, scientists say. You may delay the absorption of the alcohol into the blood by coating the stomach with milk, cream or olive oil taken straight, but the alcohol will get there sooner or later. As a hangover cure, milk with booze is innocuous tasting and appearing, but it is something like an iceberg. It has hidden dangers, as Jimmy Ryan, the New York jazz joint proprietor, once learned to his sorrow. Ryan awoke one morning with a bad hangover and a terrible thirst for milk. Psychiatrists say that hangover victims often want milk because it is a "security food," that is, it is associated in the subconscious with childhood, when all was warm and comfortable and a hangover was something that only Daddy got. Ryan also wanted a drink. He decided to combine the two by making a brandy milk punch—one shot of brandy, one of bourbon, milk, cracked ice, a drop of vanilla, and nutmeg on top. He stirred up a shakerful. The drink tasted very good. Ryan got on the telephone and invited over some friends. The shaker he was using was not big enough to make a batch of milk punches for everyone. He thereupon got a bucket and began making them in that. Gallons of milk were consumed. More calls were made. Presently there were about 20 communicants in the room, hurling down the nourishing, intoxicating punch. Ryan thereupon decided a bigger mixing vessel was needed, and sent out for a washtub. Needless to say, he was stoned before dark, and so were his guests.

Ryan spent the next day in a Turkish bath. This is a hangover cure highly recommended by many men. The theory is that steam, which causes sweat, will help the body throw out some of the noxious matter you threw in the night before. Not true, say the doctors at Yale. Nor is exercise any solution; in many respects it is the worst thing a man can do, for what a hangover needs most is rest. Oxygen is a good restorative, if you can get to it, which most of us can't (except in Las Vegas, where oxygen machines are installed at the airport). Then too, there is the bolt-and-jolt theory: first, a mild sedative, such as Miltown or Equanil, to calm the nerves, then a speed-up pill, such as benzedrine, to clear the head.

Actually, the best thing to do for any hangover is to ignore it, if possible. Since it almost never is possible, the next best thing is to drink something, alcoholic or

(concluded on page 84)

Age of Reason

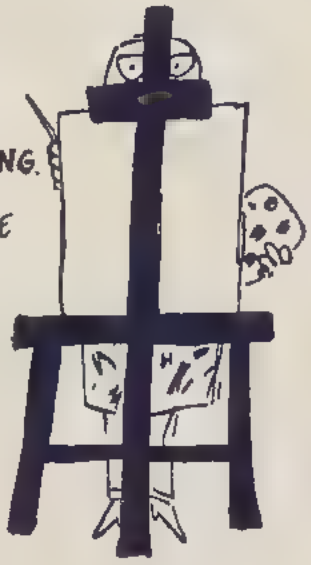
IN THE BEGINNING I WANTED TO BE A SINGER. I SANG **ALL** THE TIME.

BUT EVERYONE TOLD ME I WAS **UNREALISTIC.** MOST SINGERS NEVER GOT ANYWHERE. SO I GAVE IT UP.

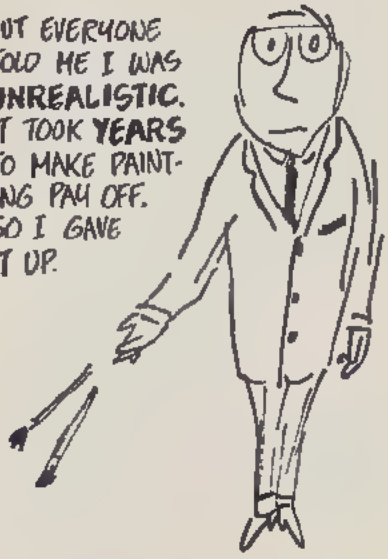
THEN I TOOK TO WRITING POETRY. I **LOVED** WRITING POETRY. I DID IT DAY AND NIGHT.

BUT EVERYONE TOLD ME I WAS **UNREALISTIC.** MOST POETS DIED **BROKE.** SO I GAVE IT UP.

LATER ON I DEVELOPED A PASSION FOR **PAINTING.** I PAINTED EVERY MINUTE OF THE DAY.



BUT EVERYONE TOLD ME I WAS **UNREALISTIC.** IT TOOK **YEARS** TO MAKE PAINTING PAY OFF. SO I GAVE IT UP.



NOW I'M AN ACCOUNTANT.

BUT I SING TO MYSELF IN THE SHOWER AND WRITE POETRY IN MY HEAD ON THE BUS AND READ ARTICLES ON ART EVERY SUNDAY IN THE PAPERS.

JULES FEIFFER

EVERYONE SAYS I'M A REALIST.

SATIN BEDSHEETS

Superb satin, woven exclusively for us. Exotic shades: Blue, White, Pink, Gold Black, Red or Turquoise. Guaranteed Washable Prepaid. By mail or phone LOngbeach 1-4540.

SCINTILLA®,
1209 W. Balmoral, P.,
Chicago 40, Ill.

Dbl. Bed, 2 sheets, 2 cases	$18.95
Twin Bed, 2 sheets, 2 cases	18.95
King Bed, 2 sheets, 2 cases	27.95
3 ltr. monog. on cases	3.00

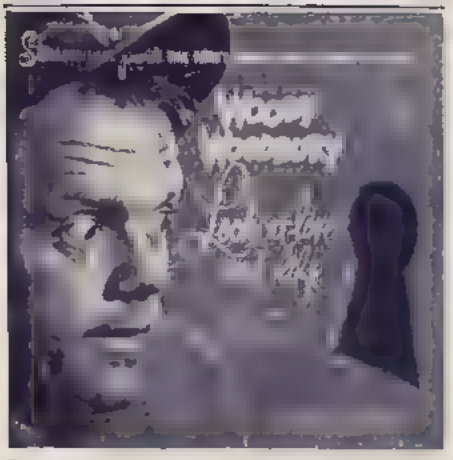
FOR BIG MEN ONLY!

Sizes 10-16 Widths AAA-EEE

RIPPLE SOLE! Sensational new foot comfort shoe! We specialize in LARGE SIZES ONLY — sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual and work shoes; golf shoes, insulated boots; sox, slippers; rubbers; overshoes; shoe trees. Also . . . sport shirts in your exact, extra-long sleeve length. Enjoy perfect fit in your hard-to-find size at amazingly low cost. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by mail only. Write for FREE Style Book TODAY!

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

KING-SIZE, INC. 7760 Brockton, Mass.



HOWL-A-DAY GIFT!

Perfect present for your sophisticated friends!

A "MUST" FOR YOUR AFTER NEW YEAR'S PARTIES!

Funniest record ever made. Saucy, adult humor. Hitting "The top 10" all over the country. Get yours now

Better than booze at a cocktail party. Perfect gift for your friends who have everything else. $4.98. Order today. Money back if not satisfied.

FORGET SOMEONE?

Send us your belated gift list with check or money order. We'll gift wrap each album, enclosing a card in your name.

SPECIAL! Send list of 5 names and we'll send you one album free.

STEREODDITIES, INC. Dept. P-1
319 E. 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

☐ Please send one album. I enclose $4.98.
☐ Please send album/s at $4.98 each to the enclosed list. It is understood that if I order 5 or more I get one free. I enclose $

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

JAMAICA

(continued from page 60)

Virtually every hotel provides entertainment, too, nightclub style. This may range from *double entendre* and bawdy calypso shouting, to limbo dancing, to Jamaica's fabled Johnny Canoe fire dancers — crazily costumed black men whose garb is hung with burning brands and who have mastered the technique of spewing from their mouths a spray of some combustible liquid like gasoline, which makes a giant flame seem to issue from their parted lips. All very dramatic and colorful.

We arrived at Jamaica's Montego Bay Airport at 10 in the morning, having spent the night in Miami. This is a nice arrangement: you get a good night's sleep (or catch some Miami entertainment), the two-hour flight is short enough to spare you any travel fatigue, and the view of the sea and the islands seen in the morning sun makes the trip seem a mere hop. Jamaica itself is a dramatic sight as you come in low for a landing: from the air you can see the reef that runs along most of the north shore, the pellucid waters, the white sparkle of coral sand beaches, the balconied façades of the Island's luxurious hotels, and behind them the jungle mountains towering on the eastern horizon to seven thousand-foot peaks.

Whatever time of day you arrive, you'll find the trip through Customs simple and quick, and accompanied by the usual ubiquitous calypso combo. Your car — which you will have reserved before starting your trip — will be waiting; the attendant will give you a road map and admonish you to keep to the left. It takes a bit of getting used to, but adds spice and novelty to driving — not that these are needed on the Island, since most of the roads are narrow macadam with many turns. The locals drive like the wind, entering blind turns at full speed with a continuous sounding of the horn — which (by a kind of acoustic nullification) neatly precludes their hearing the horns of oncoming cars. It looks suicidal, but there are very few accidents.

Leaving the airport you will turn right or left, depending on your destination. Left, which is west, lies Montego Bay. Along this stretch of the main road which skirts the entire north shore, are such luxurious hostelries as Bay Roc, Casa Montego, The Royal Caribbean, Montego Beach, The Colony, Sunset Lodge and more than a dozen others. Your travel agent will have helped you select one; you can help him to help you by bearing in mind a few facts unique to the Island's vacation facilities.

First of all, social and play life center in the hotels. There are some night spots and a few restaurants but, especially on the north shore — which is the side of the Island on which you'll probably want to stay — the hotels and their private beaches will be your playground. The newer ones, and those drawing the younger, gayer crowd, are generally at the water's edge. Virtually all of them have pools as well as beaches, cocktail and dinner patios, nightly dancing, and tariffs which can be pretty steep — especially during the winter high season — but you get what you pay for and more. (Makeoutsvillewise, the off season provides more unattached girls — and costs considerably less, to boot.)

Many Jamaican hotels belong to a sort of mutual credit cartel, which is a very good bit for the roving vacationer who likes to be active at night as well as by day. Here's how it works: your reservation covers meals as well as accommodations, but any time you want to sample the cuisine, dance orchestra and clientele of another hotel, you get a chit from the cashier of your hotel, which covers your *food* — though not your drinks. Jamaican rum drinks are heady, however, and you will fall into peaceful slumber before you go broke.

Still heading west from the airport, you come into Montego proper — a busy gay, noisy, crowded Caribbean city swarming with bicycles, burros, carts, cars, ramrod constables, open-front shops (Jamaica's a free port, and buying booze, jewelry and perfume tax and duty free is a standard tourist occupation), and thousands of people of every conceivable color and condition, including many Hindu-type Indians, who own many of the most fascinating shops. (You will discover very early on your sojourn that race and color prejudice are virtually nonexistent on the Island; British class-consciousness, which does obtain, operates without regard to race or color.)

On out past Montego you drive along the sea's edge, past one tropic estate after another, with each turn in the road revealing a new and fabulous vista of ocean and mountains. When you've covered some 30 miles in this way, you'll come to Round Hill — *the* place on the Island for the chic, the talented and the sophisticated. Round Hill is a community of privately-owned vacation homes (which, by arrangement with the management, are rented when the owners are away), clustering around a clutch of main buildings housing patios, marble dance floor, open-air dining pavilion, cocktail lounge, hotel-style accommodations and the like. The grounds are as manicured as the finest golf course, the cuisine is superb, the service impeccable, the beach beautiful. In other words, a nice place. If you want to make this scene, six months is not too far in advance to apply for reservations. The day we were there we had pre-lunch cocktails with Leonard Bernstein and Richard Avedon, chatted with Noel Coward, lunched fabulously with the Honorable John Pringle (who founded and runs Round Hill) and, that night,

attended a full-dress charity ball for the benefit of the constabulary, at which, by the way, a lifetime subscription to this magazine was auctioned for $250.

Wherever you stay in the Montego Bay area, you'll want to spend a lot of time at Doctors Cave, a private stretch of beach to which you'll have access if you stay in any of the better hotels. This is the place for making friends — and for swimming in water which is part sea and part mineral spring, and is so buoyant you can just lie in it face down, wearing a snorkel mask, and drift over coral gardens teeming with brilliant-hued fishes. Wherever you stay, too, the hotel will make arrangements for you to water ski, sail, golf, ride, play tennis, hunt alligators, explore the jungle, raft on the rivers, shoot skeet, deep-sea fish, skindive, or you name it.

Let's get back to the airport, though. Suppose you turned right, which is eastward, instead of left from its gate. In this case your destination would likely be the second most popular resort area on the Island, Ocho Rios, some 70 miles from Montego. Again, the drive is a gorgeous one, with the sea now on your left and groves, plantations, lush jungle growth, billions of tropic blossoms and the looming mountains on your right.

Not far from the airport — just a nice distance to begin to get the feel of driving on the left — is another cottage-colony-*cum*-hotel with its own beach and rentable cottages clustered about a main building. This is Half Moon, perhaps not so superior as Round Hill, but a close second. The idea of the cottage colony, by the way, is a growing thing in Jamaica; it offers all the virtues of a hotel and a motel, and if you're traveling in a group, a cottage gives you the privacy you'll prize, plus all hotel services. If you aren't staying at Half Moon, at least drop by for their superb buffet lunch, or cocktails and a fine dinner with dancing and entertainment under the stars.

Ocho Rios is definitely a scene to make. On our visit to Jamaica we divided our vacation exactly in half, spending the first part at Ocho Rios and the second in the Montego Bay area. Ocho Rios proper is much smaller than Montego, but it has a new, chic shopping-and-strolling section that will charm the veriest clod, and the hotels surrounding the town are among the Island's finest. Jamaica Inn, Plantation Inn, Sans Souci, Arawak, Tower Isle, Shaw Park, Silver Seas, and a handful of others offer the best in luxury accommodations and are just close enough to each other so that you can easily sample the pleasures of each within a few-minutes' drive. Among the newest and most fabulous Ocho Rios hotels is the Falcondip, which is dramatically hung on a cliff over the sea, so that the view from your bed or balcony is of water only, except for a palm-crowned headland some miles east, which juts out into the watery moonpath. The Falcondip boasts a nightclub on its roof patio, too — which makes things all the more salubrious for guests who want to stay up but stay put.

Ocho Rios is an excellent place from which to take off for side trips. It nestles right beneath the Blue Mountains (the highest on the Island) and a wonderful all-day excursion is to drive up Fern Gulley — a tortuous, steep cleft in the rising mountains, with walls clothed in orchidaceous growth, and a pretty thrilling test of your driving skill — then through the incredibly lovely gorges and mountains to Blue Mountain Inn, a few miles above Kingston, a chalet-like hostelry with an 18th Century "Great House" where some of the best food in the world is served. The inn itself is really a group of buildings — some of them cottages — all joined by winding, flower-hung paths, some of them perched over a rushing mountain torrent which is floodlit at night. We went there for cocktails and dinner, cocktails on a secluded rocky terrace over the river, dinner in the Great House in front of an open fire (it gets chilly enough for that in the mountains) - and then decided to spend the night, which we did, in a vine-hung cottage where we were served breakfast in the morning on a private balcony. The tab, by the way, including dinner, dancing, accommodations and breakfast, came to just $15 per person.

Spending a night at Blue Mountain Inn is a good notion because it permits you to go on into Kingston — midway point on the south shore and the Island's capital — the next day. Kingston's a business center: there's a native bazaar, there are restaurants and bars, there are department stores, fine old hotels, a superior harbor, and historical sights galore — but our own feeling was that for a vacation we didn't need another city, so we took off for exotic Spanish Town, Bog Walk, Linstead, and then — over more perilous and incredibly beautiful mountain roads — back to the north coast at Port Maria, and on down to Ocho Rios in time to swim, shower, dress, have a sundown cocktail on our private balcony, and then go down to the public rooms for a few more drinks before dinner. But on the way back to Ocho Rios an extraordinary thing happened. We decided to explore the promontory we could see from our balcony. Walking out to its end, we saw its far side for the first time — a sheer cliff dropping down to a glistening, coal-black volcanic sand beach, on which were breaking waves of cobalt and ultramarine, which left a ragged line of pure white foam. Perhaps each vacation includes one such stunning, unexpected, memorable esthetic thrill. It should.

why travel alone?

join a

BACHELOR PARTY®

for unattached men and women. Exciting... different... with twice the fun—for evenings are included!

Frequent tours to **Europe, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Nassau, Hawaii and "Around the World"** from $330! Tours for all age groups including "Young Bachelor Party Tours (21-33).

Contact your travel agent ... or ... **send for free booklet:** "All about Bachelor Party Tours"—America's most talked-about new concept of travel. Hailed as an "Excellent buy" by Esquire.

BACHELOR PARTY TOURS, INC., DEPT. PL 1
444 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22 or call PL 8-2433

KEEP SLIM—Enjoy a Battle Creek RO-TRIM

HERE'S CONVENIENT BODY-CONDITIONING FOR YOU . . . AT LOW COST!

Now—enjoy *progressive* exercise that is *always convenient*— in the privacy of your home.

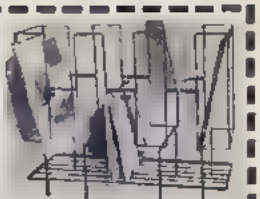
Ro Trim stimulates circulation, "symmetrizes" and tones all major muscle groups. "Ad us-Trol" instantly alters resistance for easy or vigorous rowing as you wish.

Sturdily built, smartly styled; padded chair-height seat. All your family can enjoy using in den or bedroom. *Money-back Guarantee!*

10 Day User's Trial—Write for Free Literature!

Battle Creek EQUIPMENT CO.
Battle Creek 34, Mich.

SORTS YOUR RECORDS



Black wrought iron cabaret is just waiting for your collection to reverse itself. Shows off 200 LP albums. Yet compartment to fits records by symphonic, operas, ballets, jazz, folk, chamber and show music! Sturdy, 26"x22"x13". Fully assembled. Retail $9.95 or clip 2 tubes. Add $1 for the collector or delivery. AIR MAIL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE **$9.95**

© Leslie Creations • Dept. 2C46 • Lafayette Hill, Pa.
Rush my Record Cabinet! I enclose $9.95 Ck. or M.O.

Name _____ Diners No. _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Original Songs by
RUTH WALLIS
for Sophisticates

$3.98 P.P.D. Money Back If Not Satisfied
WALLIS ORIGINAL RECORDS
P. O. BOX 2027, MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

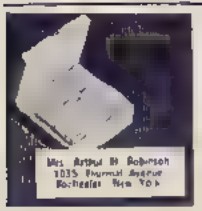
Beatnik Dictionary

"SWINGIN' SYLLABLES"
The Official Handbook
For Everyone In Orbit
Packed with words and phrases straight from infinity. A perfect novelty g ft
Send One Skin (1.00)
To: Kimbrough Pub. Co., Dept. P
4639 Poplar Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

Convertible Owners

Make Your Plastic Windows Like NEW Again!

Removes Surface Scratches
Cleans and Polishes
WITH PLASTIC WINDOW
RENEWER
• Removes surface discoloration
• Removes road grime, etc
• Restores crystal-clear vision
• Cleans and polishes in one simple operation
• Anti-static
• Restores all plastic windows and surfaces on boats
• Cleans television, polyester resins, vinyl, most other plastic products
• Each, Ppd. (No C.O.D.s, please) $1.50
NATIONAL MAIL ORDER CO
Dept. 5-1, 831 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago 7, Ill



1000 Name & Address Labels $1
ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2 PPD
Sensational bargain! Your name and address printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Packed with 6-BIT Plastic GIFT BOX. Use them on stationery, books, cards, etc. Thousands $1 ppd SPECIAL SAVE MONEY! ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Handy labels, 150 Jeapteson Bldg., Culver City 1, California

THE BEETLE

(continued from page 34)

seemed to him rather too personal. "I think you've got the right idea," said he. "Finance a film. Break all records at the box office. And there's not a headshrinker in creation can get away with calling you nuts!"

"I should like it to be an artistic triumph as well," mumbled the grandee, who perhaps had been a little over-indulged in his infancy.

"It so happens I've got a property that's just about the tops from both angles," said the young man. "I don't mind telling you I picked it up for peanuts, from a writer who was in a jam for his rent money."

At this boast I expected the old gentleman to show some little signs of repugnance, but evidently his situation was too desperate, for he summoned up a beaming glance of admiration. "You must be a very complete businessman," said he. "Could you bring yourself to describe the story to me?"

"It starts out with this liner hitting this iceberg," began the complacent youth, "and everyone's drowned except Brando, Bardot, Greg Peck, Ava, Marilyn and one or two others. There's a couple with their marriage breaking up, and one of these H-bomb scientists, and a so-called liberal, and the highest-paid callgirl in the world, and maybe we put in a race angle, and they're all marooned on this melting iceberg, drifting south, followed by sharks. They have to get their problem worked out because they're faced with death."

The old man held up a forefinger which, apart from the gigantic diamond which adorned it, had something of the mottled and tremulous appearance of an uncooked pork sausage afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. "Say no more," said he. "This is not a mere story; it is an artistic conception of the first magnitude; an epic, a slice of life. It has everything — if I, an outsider, may be permitted to use the expressive argot of the studios. It has everything, except perhaps Mr. Cary Grant, whom possibly we might persuade to take the role of an international playboy, or even a society killer. Dare I suggest also a plastic iceberg? It would have the advantage of not melting too quickly under the ardent temperament of the highly paid lady, who seems to me, more than any other member of the cast, to be pitted against the iceberg itself, in this titanic struggle between humanity and the forces of nature." But here the old man checked himself with an effort, paused, and said, "I fear my enthusiasm is carrying me beyond all seemly limits. I have not yet asked you — and please tell me frankly if you would rather not; I shall quite understand — I have not yet asked if you will allow me to participate. I can offer nothing but money, which is probably of no importance whatever to you. However, I have a great deal of it, and it is entirely under my own control, always providing that our friends at the next cafe do not get their hooks on me."

"As far as I'm concerned," said the young man, "I'd like to set the deal right now."

"It will take time to draw up the papers," lamented the old man. "Even this check I have is made out to my reluctant friend in the Place St. Aubert. We could, of course, have a gentleman's agreement."

At these last words the young man showed signs of great uneasiness. He seemed to feel that for some reason, though perhaps not the right one, a gentleman's agreement would be completely meaningless. "I'd like something more binding," said he at last.

"You are perfectly right," said the old boy. "An alternative occurs to me. I am convinced you have a blazing future. I foresee a long and exciting association between us. Now it so happens that some time ago I was dreaming of just such a fruitful relationship, and I indulged my fancy so far as to have a simple contract drafted, which binds me on my side to furnish all the money my partner may need, as well as to purchase properties for him, and to provide as much of what I believe is called *talent* as he may desire. He, on his part, agrees to remain with me, exclusively, absolutely and forever."

While he was speaking he lugged out his wallet, and, fumbling among the thick wads of bank notes, he now located a single sheet of paper, folded small, and rather dirty round the edges. This he opened up, and the young man reached forward his hand to take it. The dear old boy, however, drew it back a little, and gave him a smile instead. "Before I bother you with this ridiculous little document," said he, "I must, in elementary honesty, make known my name to you. Or did you, perhaps, read my signature on the check?"

"I couldn't make head or tail of it," said the young man frankly.

"Delightfully put!" said the old chap. "Well, I must confess to you that I am no other than . . ." But here he hesitated and peeped naughtily from side to side, and finally beckoned the youth to incline his ear, into which, like a child with a secret, he smilingly breathed the precious syllables.

The young man's face, on hearing this whisper, was hardened by the sort of realism on which such a one bases the decision to take what he can get while

the going is good. "You don't say!" said he.

"Oh, but I do," said the old boy. "And I do so hope you believe me. For, if I were not the personage in question, what should I be but a deluded old idiot? In which case, if you signed this agreement, you would be taking advantage of my pitiable weakness, and that would be damnable indeed."

"I believe every word you say," protested the young man energetically.

"And you are not prejudiced?" asked the old boy, radiantly confident of a favorable answer. "That is so nice! You are not, for example, repelled by a little smell of sulphur which sometimes intrudes itself?"

"To me," said the young man graciously, "B.O. means box office. And, anyway, I don't smell a thing."

"Splendid!" said the other. "Those chlorophyll tablets must be everything they claim to be, which is more than can be said for most of us. Would you like to put your signature here? Right at the bottom, if you please — where the dotted line is."

"But supposing," said the young man, "they get hold of you before you can draw another check. I'll have signed the paper, and I'll be sitting here with nothing."

"You need a little deposit? A little binder? A little something to clinch the bargain?" chortled the old boy. "Admirably shrewd! Commendably cautious! Perfectly businesslike! I congratulate myself upon my future associate. The only question is, what? The check is worthless to you. I have a very few hundred thousand francs in my pocketbook; I cannot add, to the injury of offering you naked and malodorous money, the insult of offering so little."

The young man was quite disposed to submit to any amount of insult and injury of this description, but before he could find words to express his magnanimous attitude, the old fellow eagerly forestalled him. "But stay!" said he, "I have it! And, placing his right hand over the fingers of his left, and tugging as hard as he could: "Sign," said he, "and accept this. It is altogether more valuable than the wretched money, and it has a pleasant association with the gages and tokens of times gone by."

The young man, seeing what he was at, now made haste to scribble his signature. His senior retrieved the paper with his left hand and held out his right a little under the level of the table, and pressed what he held into the young man's receptive fingers. "Put it in your pocket," whispered the old boy. "Don't let those infernal rascals next door see what I have given you, or they may pounce on us at once to recover it. Then we should both be in trouble."

The young man saw the point of this, and thrust his fist into his pocket. "It's a perfectly legitimate deal," said he.

"And such a delightful one!" cried the old boy. "I feel quite overcome by the pleasure of it. Allow me to retire for a moment. Please don't run away. We have all sorts of little arrangements to make; we must certainly arrange a rendezvous for tomorrow. I'll be back in a minute or two."

Thereupon he ambled into the dim interior of the café. As soon as he was out of sight the young man pulled his hand from his pocket and opened it, still below the level of the table, to look at the great ring which he had extracted from the old simpleton. When he saw what had been palmed off on him, the look of complacency left his face, and with a small gesture of fury he threw it into the planting box beside his chair. It was a piece of glass and brass of such aggressive crudity that its cheap gleam somehow diminished, by a minute but perceptible degree, the total value of all the film stars, social celebrities, cafés, shops, automobiles, etc., that were present at that moment in the Champs-Élysées.

The young man looked scowling round as if in search of the old fool who had made a fool of him. But then, deciding there was no point in exposing himself a second time to the contagion, he threw down a couple of coins and left the café. By what was perhaps a coincidence, the two men who were sitting at the place next door also rose from their table and moved away in the same general direction.

No sooner had they all disappeared, than the gaga magnifico came waddling back, and seemed greatly astonished to find his young friend no longer there. He looked this way and that; his eye fell on the abominable confection in the planting box. He picked it out from among the cigarette ends and the spent matches, and, his full, mauvish lower lip trembling with dismay, he looked at it and then at me with all the blank bewilderment of earliest or latest childhood. "How," his piteous glance demanded, "could this precious token be so cruelly spurned?"

"I'm afraid he felt," I found myself answering, "that it wasn't altogether genuine."

"Well, perhaps it's not," muttered the old chap despondently. "Perhaps it's not." Then the faint returning gleam of a smile began to dawn on his flabby features, and he leaned confidentially toward me, and added, tapping the breast pocket where he had stowed away his precious document, "*But this is.*"

PERFECT FIT in your big size! Sleeve lengths to 38, neck sizes to 18½! Ivy League stripes, plaids, solid-tones, whites in Sport and Dress styles. New wash-and-wear fabrics! Bodies cut 4" longer than ordinary shirts! Not sold in stores — by mail only! We are America's best-known specialists for BIG MEN ONLY! Finest quality at amazingly low prices! Satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for FREE Catalog!

BIG FREE CATALOG! Shoes, size 10AAA to 16EEEE! Fine quality in smartest new dress styles. Also sport and work shoes, boots, sox, slippers. All FOR BIG MEN ONLY! A postcard brings you big color Catalog, FREE! Write today!

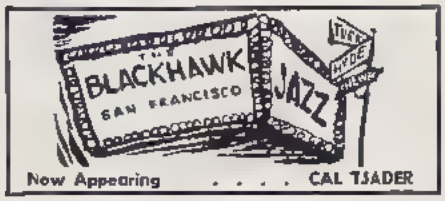
KING-SIZE, INC. 7770 BROCKTON, MASS.

YOUR OWN **ESPRESSO**

Now you can brew your own espresso for those intimate hours. Fully electric, aluminum, 6 cup with warmer. Guaranteed 1 year. Save 15%. Special Holiday offer only $20.00 ppd.

Send check or money order today to:

MANNLE ENTERPRISES 431 S. Dearborn Chicago 5, Ill.



Now Appearing . . . . CAL TJADER

Build the best STEREO hi-fi...

COMPLETE STEREO AMPLIFICATION SYSTEM **EICO** **AF-4**

(2 preamplifiers and 2 power amplifiers all on 1 compact chassis)

KIT $38.95

WIRED $64.95

Add 5% in the West.

EICO, 33-00 N. Blvd., L.I.C. 1, N.Y. PB-1

Send free catalog of tuners, amplifiers, speaker systems, free Stereo HI-FI Guide; name of nearest EICO dealer.

Name

Address

City State

LOVE PHILTRE *(continued from page 66)*

got to believe that this scheme of Vittorio's is going to work. If it doesn't —" Frank Adamello paused, and he shrugged helplessly. "If you love someone very much, you don't want her to die," he said. "But you want her to be happy, too." He paused again, and he drew a long, deep, tired breath. "Unless Rosa has a child soon," Frank Adamello said quietly, "there won't be anything left to keep us together."

Two days later Vittorio gave up his room in New York and moved into the Adamello house. Every minute of the day that he could spare from his classes, to which he now commuted, Vittorio Adamello spent with his sister-in-law Rosa. According to my wife, who got her information from Rosa, Vittorio measured out her food, mixed in the various chemicals, forced her to stick to a schedule of mild exercise and prolonged rest periods, gave her the necessary injections, and kept a complete record of the entire process in a set of black leather notebooks which he carried in a locked briefcase.

I found the whole thing a trifle unreal. My emotions alternated between a strange conviction that it was all a hoax, that absolutely nothing was happening in the house on the hill, and the nervous feeling that I should report it to the police. I might have done it, too, if it were not for the fact that one day, about a month after the strange experiment began, my wife made an interesting discovery.

"Rosa rang me up this morning," she said when I came home. "Her car was down at the garage for its regular thousand-mile checkup, and Vittorio had to catch the 11:32 to New York because he had a one-o'clock class, so Rosa asked if I would run him down to the train, and pick him up when he came out again on the 4:10. I managed to get him to the 11:32, but it was a pretty tight squeeze, and in all the rush, Vittorio forgot his briefcase in our car. I didn't notice it until I got back to the house, when the briefcase fell out of the car as I opened the door. It fell with quite a bang. The lock snapped open, and those black leather notebooks tumbled out." My wife paused. "Those notebooks," she said, "are blank."

I didn't bother to express, or even analyze, my astonishment. I could tell from my wife's face that there was more to come.

"By the time I drove down to the 4:10 to pick up Vittorio," she said, "I'd had almost five hours of putting two and two together. As soon as Vittorio stepped off the train, I could see he'd had almost five hours of panic. His first question, as soon as I handed him the briefcase and he saw the lock was snapped, told me clearly that I'd been putting my twos and twos together correctly."

"What was Vittorio's first question?" I said.

"He wanted to know if I'd told Rosa the notebooks were blank."

"Had you?"

"Of course not," my wife said. "It seemed silly to give away a piece of information as valuable as that for free. I wanted to swap."

"For what?"

"Another piece of information," my wife said. "I told Vittorio I'd say nothing to Rosa about my discovery if he'd answer one question."

"Did he?"

"Yes," my wife said. "I now know what it was Frank and Vittorio were really discussing when they were sending all those messages through you." She paused again. "When Frank told you that the doctors said there was nothing wrong with him or Rosa so far as having children is concerned, but there was something definitely wrong with Rosa's heart, Frank was lying. There is nothing wrong with Rosa's heart or, for that matter, all the rest of her. The trouble, according to the doctors, is Frank. Rosa is perfectly capable of bearing children. Frank, unfortunately, is incapable of siring them."

In the sudden silence, it seemed to me I could almost hear the missing pieces of the puzzle falling into place.

"This whole so-called experiment," I said slowly. "This whole silly business of changing the chemical content of Rosa's blood stream —"

"Is nothing but camouflage," my wife said. "Neither Vittorio nor Frank believes in it. It's just a gag, something they invented as a cover for throwing Rosa and Vittorio together."

She had taken the words out of my mouth, and yet I was shocked to hear them spoken aloud.

"Frank told you himself," my wife continued, "that he and Rosa have reached a point in their relationship where he knows that unless she has a child soon, there will be nothing left to hold them together." My wife shrugged. "Since Frank can't give her a child —"

"He's arranged to throw her into the arms of someone who can do what he can't," I said slowly. "His own brother."

"Precisely," my wife said.

"Do they think they can get away with it?"

"Apparently," my wife said with another shrug. "Or I don't think they would try it. Up to now, at any rate, Rosa seems to have fallen for it. She thinks Vittorio is changing the chemical content of her blood stream so that her heart condition will be cured and she will be able to become pregnant by her husband."

But sooner or later she's bound to find out this is not so!"

"By that time," my wife said, "I think the conspirators are hoping she will be pregnant by Vittorio."

"Well," I said grimly, "they're wrong."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know Rosa," I said. "And she's not that kind of girl. She may want children desperately enough to risk her life. And she may even be gullible enough to believe this silly business about changing the chemical content of her blood by diet and injections. But at a certain point, if this scheme is going to work, Vittorio will have to abandon the diet and the injections, and resort to the traditional method. It is precisely at this point that Vittorio is going to get his handsome face slapped."

My wife gave me a funny little look.

"I suppose it is precisely for this sort of situation," she said, "that the phrase *wait and see* was invented."

I could have wished, during the three months that followed, for a more efficient invention. We waited, but saw nothing. Nothing new, that is. Rosa and Vittorio were together constantly. Vittorio continued acting out the elaborate pretense of the experiment. And Rosa, so far as my wife and I could see, continued to be completely taken in by it.

The only noticeable change, from the moment my wife and I discovered the experiment was a fraud, took place not in the house on the hill, but in our own. While neither of us had uttered a word to bring the situation into existence, it became perfectly obvious before long that my wife and I were on opposite sides of the fence about Rosa's virtue.

I did not believe Vittorio would be successful. My wife did.

"You men are much more sentimental about technical fidelity," she said. "You can't seem to get it through your heads that there are situations, and this seems to me to be one of them, when it is a good deal like refusing, for purely sentimental reasons, to take a new road when the old one, to which you've always been accustomed, has been washed out by an act of God."

Acts of God were very much on my mind the Saturday morning, almost four months after the experiment began, when Rosa Adamello called up during breakfast to announce in a voice quivering with excitement that she was going into New York to be examined by one of the obstetricians who had previously declared it was impossible for her to have children. I was pleased to note, when my wife put down the phone, that she seemed shaken.

"Rosa says that, according to Vittorio's black notebooks, the process of changing the chemical content of her blood was completed six weeks ago, so the obstetrician should have some good news for her today." My wife scowled at me across the breakfast table. "But you and I

know those notebooks are blank!"

"Vittorio obviously didn't show them to her," I said. "He merely told Rosa what he wanted her to believe they contain." I was not surprised to detect a note of smugness in my voice as I added, 'In any case, Rosa is still obviously unaware that the whole preposterous thing was a fake, so you can guess for yourself what kind of news the obstetrician will have for her after he finishes examining her. I'm sorry that Rosa will be disappointed, but I'm glad that I judged her correctly when I said she wasn't that kind of girl." I poured myself another cup of coffee. "Did Rosa have anything else to say?"

"They're coming back on the 2:34," my wife said. "They'll stop in here on their way home from the station."

"Good," I said. "We'll be waiting."

I think we would have done it with less wear and tear on our nerves if we had not been completely astonished, shortly after lunch, by the arrival of Vittorio Adamello.

"What are you doing here?" I said. I thought you'd gone into New York with Frank and Rosa?"

"Oh, no," the handsome young medical student said uncomfortably. "I—I couldn't do that." He glanced at his watch, and compared it with the clock over the fireplace. "I've been waiting up at the house, but I—I——" He paused, and drew a deep breath. "Do you mind if I wait here?"

"Of course not," my wife said. "Sit down and be comfortable."

He sat down, but he could not make himself comfortable. All afternoon, when he was not looking at his watch, Vittorio Adamello kept squirming in his chair and staring morosely out the window, while the tension in our living room mounted steadily, like steam pressure in a boiler. Even though I secretly enjoyed his discomfort, because it underscored my conviction that he knew as surely as I did that his plan had failed, I was acutely aware that the knowledge of its failure would come as a terrible blow to Rosa. For almost four months she had so obviously believed completely, with all her heart, in something that we all knew was a hoax. I could not escape the unhappy conviction that the return of Rosa and Frank from New York would be one of the most depressing events I had ever witnessed or participated in.

I cannot remember when I have ever been more completely wrong.

"Good Lord!" my wife said when we finally heard the Adamello car turning into our driveway. "Is that singing I hear?"

It was. And several moments later, as Frank and Rosa leaped from their car, we heard more of it.

"It worked!" Frank shouted jubilantly. "Rosa is pregnant!"

Things became somewhat confused during the next few minutes. I remember clearly, however, in spite of the daze into which my shocked astonishment had flung me, that the excited discussion which followed included endlessly repeated references to the look of amazement on the face of the obstetrician.

"He couldn't believe it!" Rosa cried gleefully.

Neither could I. But for different reasons. My confidence in Rosa Adamello, my certainty that in the crucial moment of revelation she would resist Vittorio's advances, had not been based entirely on what I recognized in myself as a perhaps prudish repugnance for a scheme that, no matter how worthy its ultimate aim, nevertheless called for a man to perform temporarily the marital duties of his own brother. My confidence in Rosa had been based largely on what I felt about her as a person.

She was a small girl, with a round, delicately molded face in which the enormous eyes, because of her great vivacity, seemed to twinkle like lanterns. And like lanterns, there was a refreshing simplicity and directness about the warm glow she shed on those she allowed to come close to her. For four years, ever since we had become neighbors and friends, Rosa Adamello had admitted me and my wife to that small circle. For four years I had been entranced by her warmth, and delighted with her simplicity and directness.

I saw now that I had misjudged her. Rosa Adamello's warmth was only skin deep. Her simplicity and directness were spurious. At heart, she was obviously as accomplished a cold-blooded schemer as her husband Frank and her brother-in-law Vittorio.

All three of them knew precisely what had happened. And all three of them knew that my wife and I knew precisely what had happened. Yet here they were, in my own living room, acting out with their enthusiastic congratulations the embarrassing pretense that Rosa was carrying Frank's child because Vittorio, by means of a brilliant medical experiment, had removed the barrier that had previously kept husband and wife from fulfillment.

After a while, I began to find the spectacle distasteful. I walked out to the kitchen and left by the back door.

I did not see Rosa for almost two months. Then one day, pushing my shopping cart around a rack in the local supermarket, I found myself facing Rosa in front of the dry cereals. Pregnancy, I had once read, is the time of a woman's greatest beauty. Looking at Rosa Adamello, I could well believe it. The child she was carrying had already begun to distort her figure, but her face had never looked lovelier. The old warmth, the quality that had captured me from the very beginning, seemed to surround her like a visible glow. I found it difficult, as I watched her smile at me with obvious pleasure in the unexpected meeting, to believe what I knew about her.

"You've been avoiding me," she said, and then, with the directness that had always charmed me, she added, "I think I know why, too."

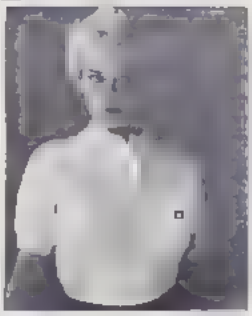
"Yes," I said, "I think you do."

"If you put it that way," Rosa said, "I suppose there's no point in my trying to explain."

"No," I said, "I suppose there isn't."

"How do you spell incurable?"

FASHIONABLE CHOICE



Long-staple luxurious combed cotton combines with the latest style to give you the only shirt chosen to feature the PLAYBOY "Sophisticated Rabbit" on the pocket.

Both PLAYBOY and PLAYMATE SHIRTS available in white, black, red, light blue, maize, gold, olive and taupe, in small, medium and large sizes. (The PLAYBOY Shirt is also available in extra large.) $5 ppd.

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY SHIRTS Dept. 129
232 E. OHIO ST.
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

PLAYBOY PLAYING CARDS

Two top quality plastic coated decks—red, black—with the PLAYBOY rabbit in white, packed in attractive black and gold box.

$2.50 the set, tax included.

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS, Dept. 128
232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois

"I'm sorry about that," she said. "I'd much rather we continued to be friends." She paused, but I could think of nothing to say. "Since that's not possible," she continued, "I'd like to tell you something that I think, because we once were friends, you're entitled to know."

"What's that?" I said.

"No woman can do what I did," Rosa Adamello said quietly, "unless she loves a man more than she loves anything else in the world, including the opinions of her friends."

She turned her cart, moved it around mine, and walked off down the aisle. Watching her go, I was suddenly assailed by so many tangled emotions that I considered myself fortunate to be able to identify one: sympathy for her husband.

Poor Frank. The risk that both he and Vittorio had foreseen from the very beginning, the danger that had lurked just below the surface of their plot from the moment it was hatched, had caught up with him. Rosa was getting at last what she had always wanted more than life itself: a child. In the process of arranging for her to have it, however, Frank had lost her to the man who had helped him: she had fallen in love with Vittorio.

They were all obviously waiting until the baby was born before Rosa divorced Frank and married Vittorio. I did not much enjoy the waiting process. For this reason, almost six months later, when my wife and I were about to leave for our holiday in Italy and Rosa was expecting the baby momentarily, I did not go up the hill but used the telephone to say goodbye to the people with whom I had once been so friendly.

Now, three weeks later, driving down from Lake Como to meet Vittorio Adamello at the railroad station in Milan, I could think of only one reason that would bring the young medical student to Italy so unexpectedly: something had gone wrong with Rosa's pregnancy.

"No, no, nothing has gone wrong," Vittorio said impatiently after we had all exchanged greetings in the restaurant and I, somewhat nervously, had asked the anxious question. "Rosa gave birth two days ago," Vittorio said. "A boy. Six pounds, nine ounces."

"How wonderful!" my wife said. "Congratulations!"

I added my own congratulations, and then asked why, instead of remaining at the mother's side in Connecticut, he had come to Italy.

"I have come to find work in a hospital as an intern, and then I will set up my medical practice here," Vittorio said. "I can no longer remain in America. Rosa says it is impossible."

Somewhat belatedly, it seemed, Rosa was becoming aware of the outrageous aspects of what she had done.

"In other words," I said, "as soon as you've got yourself settled here, and Rosa and the baby are strong enough, they're coming over here to join you. Is that it?"

Vittorio shook his head.

"That is how I thought it would be," he said. "Until two days ago, when the baby was born. Then—" He paused, and he brought his troubled glance from the far corner of the restaurant, and he fixed it on me and my wife. "In the hospital I said to Rosa now we can talk to Frank about a divorce and we will be able to get married, but Rosa looked at me and she said quietly there will be no divorce. Frank has finished helping to put you through medical school, Rosa said. You are now ready to become a doctor. Go to Italy, she said. They need doctors in Italy. But the baby, I said. It is my child. Rosa shook her head. No, she said. It is Frank's child, she said. Frank's and mine. We needed help, she said, and you are a member of the family, so Frank and I let you help us. But now we don't need any more help. Neither do you. We've both graduated, Rosa said to me, go to Italy."

Vittorio's voice stopped, and he shook his head as though to fling away the puzzling recollection. I was no less puzzled, but I could not fling the problem away.

"You told me, when you telephoned this morning to Lake Como," I said, "that it was very urgent for you to see me."

"Yes," Vittorio said. "Rosa suggested it."

"Rosa suggested that you come to see me here in Italy?" I said in astonishment.

The handsome young man nodded.

"I told her in the hospital I did not understand why she was acting this way to me. I thought she loved me. I thought that was why she consented in the first place. Then, when the baby is born, she suddenly says she does not love me! If she does not love me, how could she do what she did?"

"Well," my wife said slowly, "I'm afraid that's going to be a little difficult to explain."

"Not for your husband," Vittorio Adamello said. "Rosa said your husband could explain it to me, because she once explained it to him."

My wife turned from the puzzled young man to stare at me with even greater puzzlement.

"You can?" she said incredulously.

"Why, yes," I said with a sudden smile, because at last I understood. I had not misjudged Rosa Adamello after all. "I'm pretty sure I can explain it."

But I paused for a moment. I did not want to make any mistakes. I wanted to get the words right, exactly as Rosa Adamello had uttered them, in front of the dry cereals in our supermarket, when she had tried to tell me how far a woman will go in order to save her marriage to the man she loves.

HORS D'OEUVRES!

(continued from page 26)

Peel the raw shrimp, removing vein in back. (Peeling the shrimp before boiling will cause them to curl into a compact round shape, best for this type of canapé.) In a heavy pot bring 1 cup water to a rapid boil. Add ½ teaspoon salt and the lemon juice. Add the shrimp. Cook covered, about 5 minutes. Drain the shrimp. Chill thoroughly. Combine the butter, curry powder and coriander. Blend well. Spread the butter thickly on the toast, and place a shrimp on each round. Sprinkle lightly with salt, white pepper and chopped chives.

HAM AND MUSHROOM CANAPÉS
(About 30)

¼ lb. fresh mushrooms
½ cup red wine vinegar
⅓ cup olive oil
1 medium-size onion, sliced
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sweet butter, at room temperature
3 tablespoons mild prepared mustard
cocktail crackers, square shaped
½ lb. sliced boiled ham
3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley

The mushrooms in this canapé, which are marinated raw should be firm and white, with tight fitting caps. Wash mushrooms. Cut vertically into thin slices. No slice should be larger than the canapé base used. Place the mushrooms in a salad bowl with the vinegar, olive oil, onion and salt. Marinate overnight. Combine the butter and mustard, mixing well. Spread the canapé crackers with the butter. Cut the ham into small pieces carefully, to fit each canapé. There should be no overlapping, ragged edges. Place the ham on the buttered canapé crackers. Drain the mushrooms. Arrange the mushroom slices on the ham. Sprinkle with the chopped parsley.

SCALLOP CANAPÉS, HORSERADISH BUTTER
(About 30)

1 lb. fresh sea scallops
½ cup lime juice
½ cup sweet butter, at room temperature
3 tablespoons prepared horseradish
salt, white pepper
2 tablespoons chopped chives or scallions
round cocktail crackers or Melba toast

Wash the scallops well. Slice each one crosswise to make round pieces for fitting on the cocktail crackers. There should be approximately 30 pieces. Marinate the scallops in the lime juice overnight. During this time the scallops will become "cooked," or pickled, by the acid juice. Combine the butter and horseradish, mixing well. Spread the butter on the cocktail crackers. Drain the scallops. Place a scallop on each round. Sprinkle lightly with salt and white pepper. Sprinkle with chopped chives or scallions.

HOT CHICKEN TARTLETS
(24 pieces)

1 cup finely diced boiled chicken
¼ cup condensed cream of chicken soup, undiluted
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 tablespoon bourbon
1 tablespoon sherry
¼ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
⅛ teaspoon salt
24 small tartlet shells, holding about 1 tablespoon each
paprika

Be sure the chicken is free of all fat, skin or bones before dicing. In a mixing bowl combine the chicken, cream of chicken soup, mayonnaise, bourbon, sherry, pepper and salt. (Be sure the pepper is freshly ground, since it's the ingredient that gives this appetizer its zip.) Mix well. Fill the tartlet shells with the chicken mixture. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Place the filled tartlet shells in a shallow pan or pie plate. Bake in a preheated oven at 375° about 10 minutes or until tops are browned.

Shrimp, lobster or crab meat, cooked, freed of all bones or shell and finely diced, may be used in place of chicken. Use condensed bisque of shrimp soup instead of chicken soup.

GRILLED SARDINES, WHITE WINE BUTTER
(12 hot canapés)

3¼-oz. can boneless and skinless sardines
1 envelope instant minced onions
½ cup dry white wine
¼ cup butter at room temperature
3 slices white bread
paprika

Carefully remove sardines from tin without breaking them and split each sardine lengthwise into two pieces. Soak the instant minced onions in the white wine for 5 minutes. Simmer the onions and wine over a slow flame until the wine is reduced to about 2 tablespoons. Let the wine mixture cool until it is nearly room temperature. Then mix it thoroughly with the butter into a smooth paste. Toast the bread on one side only under a moderate broiler flame. Arrange the sardines on the untoasted side of the bread, allowing four sardine halves to each piece of bread. Spread or brush the white wine butter over the sardines. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Broil under a moderate broiler flame until edges of bread begin to brown. Remove bread from broiler with a wide spatula. Cut each slice of bread into four pieces, each with a broiled sardine half. You'll find your guests packed around this tasty dish like — well, like sardines.

. . . you'll enjoy stopping at Chicago's

Executive House

Tomorrow's Hotel Today

CHICAGO'S Executive House, a new ultra-modern 40-story skyscraper with drive-in garage, ideally located on the edge of the famous Loop, introduces many innovations — including private sun terraces — the last word in luxury hotel living.

Write for colorful brochure

Executive House

Dept. P, 71 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill. • FI 6-7100

A. M. Quarles, General Manager

the Cloister

Entertainment For Swinging People

900 N. Rush St. Chicago, Illinois

8588 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood, Calif.

FREE EUROPE BY CAR CATALOGUE

EUROPEAN CAR RENTAL & PURCHASE SAVES YOU UP TO 35% ON.

SIMCA HILLMAN
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG
VOLKSWAGEN, etc.

EUROPE BY CAR, Inc.
37 W. 57 St., N. Y. • PL 5-4739

Name
Address
City State P-1

DATELINE: ROME

(continued from page 31)

coats (like the one on p. 32), sports jackets and even very lightweight shirts.

The biggest fashion news of all is in the sweater field. Their jacket sweaters (see p. 31) are provided with wide, interesting collars that make definite fashion news. Mohair wools are ingeniously used either to achieve a brushed, bulky look in solid tones or in superb color mixtures (see p. 38). The Italian sweater can be found in every conceivable style - boat necks, V necks, pullovers cardigans, turtle necks, convertible collars to be worn out or tucked underneath. All are worn with no shirt under them - for the most relaxed look — or with an ascot to dress them up for patio or bar.

Departing from the casual scene, the news on the Italian suit silhouette is that the jackets are less short than a year ago, they feature deep side vents, slight padding in the shoulders and markedly rounded jacket bottoms. Two buttons (the lower one an inch above the natural waist), narrow, peaked lapels, slanting pockets, a slightly narrowed waist and slim, cuffless trousers complete the picture. Italian emphasis in shoes — done up in a lightweight leather they call "foot glove" — is still on the square toe.

Having long espoused the shorter sleeve length for suit jackets (so that shirt cuffs would show effectively), the shirtmakers of Italy have devised what they call an Italian cuff, exactly half the length of the French counterpart. Theory is that only the amount of cuff displayed out of the sleeve has to be doubled over to frame the cuff link. It's new, and should catch on.

Unhappily, an insidious development has taken place in the field of Italian neckwear. Time was when they turned out some beauts, but today they are producing what they call ties of a "classic character" which is another way of saying dull. You sometimes see the same drabness in new Italian sport shirts - the neat use of color or stripe, which was their special mark, is increasingly difficult to find. The current tendency of the Italians to look for new directions — at least in the sportshirt and necktie departments — has taken an unfortunate turn. Let's hope they forget that jazz — fast.

Getting back to the positive view, outercoats are going shorter, employing lightweight fabrics, and sporting bright, eye-catching linings. Rome's tailors have dispensed with much of the too-busy yokings, patternings and fancy work seen in the past. Even the British, long the leaders in gentlemen's attire, have latched onto Italian styling for their new models, as witnessed by the good-looking Aquascutum job you see on p. 32.

Teleprompter Heart

(continued from page 36)

the tom-toms when the jungle shadows fall?

JACK KEROUAC

Oooooooh . . . you're too much, Mother. (*Swoons*)

REPORTER

(*Dashing back*) Did I miss anything?

KIM

Relax, Max. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here.

REPORTER

(*Grinning nervously*) You're a lovely girl, Miss Pixie, and the whole world worships you. How do you feel about all this — deep down inside?

KIM

(*Modestly*) Beauty is only skin deep. What is a girl profited if she shall gain the whole world and lose her own soul? The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on. Y'know?

LYLE TALBOT

You swing, Kim!

KIM

(*Aside to* ME) Say, Banjo Eyes, you are truly turned on. I may decide to give you a bonus, if you *know* what I *mean*!

ME

What do you mean?

KIM

(*She tells* ME *what she means*)

ME

I like it, I like it!

REPORTER

It sure is nice of you, Miss Pixie, to bestow the salty humor and homespun philosophy of your keen mind upon us common people.

KIM

The Lord must have loved the common people — he made so many of them! (*The band plays "Battle Hymn of the Republic"*)

LOUELLA PARSONS

Kim. How are your acting. Studies progressing.

KIM

Well . . . every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better.

MR. DECAY GERM

(*Snarling*) Isn't that awfully optimistic?

KIM

As you travel on through life, brother, whatever be your goal, keep your eye upon the doughnut, and not upon the hole. Dig?

ALL

Go, Kim, go!

CHARLES ATLAS

You're a very fine, clean woman, Kim. I imagine you must bathe a lot?

KIM

That reminds me, Charlie — I was sitting in the tub, see, this morning, sort of noodling out the problem of how to tell how much gold there is in a king's crown, which has been bothering these scientist types? When all of a sudden, I noticed a little thing I called water displacement. Well, I was so tickled to have discovered the secret of water displacement as well as the secret of lemonade displacement, that I jumped out of the tub, buck naked, and yelled *Eureka*!

REPORTER

How do you spell that?

KIM

ε-ὑ-ρ-η-κ-α.

REPORTER

Thanks, Miss Pixie. What a story!

KIM

Speaking of stories, I just dashed off a scenario that has a good part in it for me and which I will film as the first venture in my new producing company, Kimpix Pix — got all that, son?

REPORTER

Got it, ma'am!

KIM

Story starts with this documentary-type film maker taking an ocean voyage to an uncharted island where there is some kind of living god or something the natives fear, see? The natives kidnap me and tie me up as a sacrifice, and the living god turns out to be an ape about fifty feet tall and he digs me, see? Sort of a perversion angle, but clean. Then -

LENNY BRUCE

(*Disguised as healthy*) It's sound, chuck. It'll play.

KIM

(*Aside to* ME) That scenario is a gas, Pete. I'll take an option on it.

ME

Kim, sweets, if you'll play in it, *I'll* pay *you*!

KIM

A two-bit writer is gonna pay *me*?

ME

Well, not exactly in currency . . . (*I whisper something in her ear*)

KIM

I like it, I like it! (*She whirls off to the buffet*)

Intoxicated enough by the anticipation of all the abandoned pleasures to come, I dump my superfluous drink into the nearest potted palm.

POTTED PALM

One moment, my friend.

ME

You don't fool me — you're Burl Ives.

POTTED PALM

Wrong again, lover. Lookie! (POTTED PALM *lifts its disguise to fleetingly reveal a strangely familiar face . . .*)

ME

You're . . . you're . . . I saw you on the cover of *Time* and *Look*. You're much too pretty to be Khrushchev. Let's see . . . I know . . . you're —

POTTED PALM

Shhh! Yes, I'm Shirley MacLaine! I've been keeping track of this little Pixie

broad — she's trying to beat my time as a snappy conversationalist, and *you* have been helping her!

ME

I — uh ——

POTTED PALM

Don't bother to deny it! I've had my eye on you all night. You're full of rich, creamy goodness, kiddo, and I want you on my payroll! I know how Pixie is paying you off, and let me tell you that if you think what she plans to do for you is hot stuff then you have led a *very* sheltered *life*, if you *know* what I *mean*!

ME

Make me an offer.

POTTED PALM

(*Whispers passionately in my ear*)

ME

(*Turning pale*) I don't like it, I don't like it!

POTTED PALM

Chicken. (*Hisses and withdraws*)

But now I notice KIM PIXIE *has been wildly signaling to me for aid. I rush over, flustered and rattled, just in time to hear the* REPORTER *say . . .*

REPORTER

All I said, Miss Pixie, was can I offer you another hors d'oeuvre?

KIM

Huh?

REPORTER

You know — little sandwich? Cheese, bread?

KIM

Uh . . . well, like, uh, man shall not live by bread alone .

REPORTER

That's *good*!

It sure is, but now, still shuddering from my conversation with the POTTED PALM, *my invention flags . . .*

KIM

. . . Nor iron bars a cage . . .

REPORTER

What?

KIM

The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Crime does not pay! The Shadow knows! Ha-ha ha-ha-ha-ha ha!

REPORTER

Miss Pixie . . .

KIM

Nov schmoz ka pop? (*Aside to* ME, *furiously*) What's wrong, Ustinov? I'm not going over!

ME

I — that is ——

POTTED PALM

I'll tell you what's wrong, Pixie! You've been duped! This fraud is a creep! I mean, this creep is a fraud!

ME

Why do you expose me thus, Shirley? Why do you hate me?

POTTED PALM

You're so smart, you tell *me*. Whip out one of those bright sayings of yours.

ME

Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned?

POTTED PALM

Right the first time, Cuddles. Ta-ta! Don't take any wooden dialog!

ME

My line! You stole my line!

BUD GOLIVER

Will the *real* Peter Ustinov please stand up?

* * *

Dear Shirley: no hard feelings, eh? All good clean fun? I mean, I read what you said about poor Bosley Crowther after he gave you a rotten review in *The New York Times* — "He's like he is because he's insecure! He likes the sexpots; that shows you where his taste lies."

My taste lies somewhere in that general vicinity, too, so if you happen to be in the market for a new scriptwriter, chock full of even more clichés, old adages and stale jokes than your present scriptwriter, just keep in mind that I'm available, and that I work cheap — if you *know* what I *mean*.

HANDWRITING

(continued from page 50)

'How *dare* you do this!' and kicked me in the BMT), I would tell them, and ninety-five percent of them'd be full of delight, and congratulations, and say it took a lot of guts; but some of them were indignant. As if it was obscene. As if—somebody said this—it was Communist. I even got taken to court one morning: two dollars," said Mr. Anagnos, and he concluded, "so now you know what it's all about, AN ONION AND YOU."

"Yes," I said, "but you didn't tell me: after all the favorable publicity you gave yourself, how many copies of the record did you sell?"

Mr. Anagnos sighed. "Two," he said. "Two copies."

I would have ended my investigations right there, except for one other problem that gnawed at me. If it is such an enigma what people write on walls, surely it is an enigma wrapped in a mystery *why* people write on walls. I had a few theories about this, though, and I told them to a psychologist by the name of Rudolf Arnheim, and Dr. Arnheim replied, "Exactly—exactly. These

"I met my wife on a television quiz program. We got married on a television wedding program. Our baby was born on a television medical program. Now she wants us to go on a televised marriage counselor program."

people who write on walls: they do not want to communicate anything, they only want to express it. They want to externalize their emotions, in other words to give reality to what's inside of them by turning it to something outside of them. To make an idea more real, even to pretend to act it out: this is what an artist does a person dreaming does, an angry person tearing up a letter does; a person writing on a wall does. To take an example . . "

To take an example, a Stephen X is in love with a Susan Y. "Or am I?" he says to himself unconsciously. "There's nothing to see, nothing to put my finger on, and still no change in my leucocyte count. I do hear music and there's no one there, but this could be simply ringing in the ears. If only there was a way to know this love is *real*. Hmm... maybe I could get it in Cholly Knickerbocker . . . or maybe go to Paris, and Maurice Chevalier will come by and see me and say to everybody, 'Ehh' He is in *love*!' Or maybe even . . . yes! Of course! I'll go and write it on the delicatessen!" And 10 minutes later STEVIE LOVES SUE is scribbled there—Q.E.D.

"Ah! But Stevie who?" Dr. Arnheim said. "And Sue whom? It isn't for us to know. *Stevie* knows, and he's the only one in creation it's written for—the only one it's not an enigma to. However, as for that *other* theory of yours," Dr. Arnheim went on, "isn't it maybe, well, a bit far-fetched?" It may well be, but I think it is worth a few words in closing. It owes to my having observed that the walls that are scribbled on most often are generally the most pretentious, or the most forbidding. To me, the sorriest artifacts that are made by man are those things that only diminish him as a man, only tie him in fetters of his own forging: artifacts that start in the golden calf and end, at last report, in subliminal advertising, and also include en route all other advertising, girdles, hand grenades, bayonets, pride, astrology, slums, laws, triskaidekaphobia, high-heeled shoes, nations, hate, the Marine Corps, monasteries, guillotines, alcohol, table manners, tennis rules, marriage, and notices to keep off grass.

All of these things that are built by man and belittle man, a wall is the epitome of, and I'd like to think there is something (something that doesn't love a wall) in each of us that makes us want to beat our hands, or heads, against the damn things, to scratch our names in them, to make them understand that human beings, after all, are what the world's for. If this theory is right, the moral to be gained from my definitive and ecumenical study of the things that people scribble on walls is this: Down with the walls! Up with the people! *Viva i graffiti!*

HEAVY, HEAVY, HANGOVER

(continued from page 72)

non alcoholic. Toots Shor swears by plain cola, and drinks gallons of it. Ruark takes cola with chocolate ice cream. There are beer men — stale beer men and freshly-opened-beer men — and there are ale men and there are champagne men (Sherman Billingsley swears by champagne and also claims that it wards off colds). Many Englishmen prefer champagne mixed half and half with stout, which makes the noble drink called black velvet. The most familiar and popular cures are those mentioned in *The Moaning After* (PLAYBOY, January 1956), to wit:

PRAIRIE OYSTER

This is the oldest and most stunning of all morning-after drinks. It should be swallowed in one determined gulp without stopping. Mix it in an old fashioned glass.

1 jigger cognac
2 teaspoons vinegar
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon catsup
½ teaspoon angostura bitters
1 egg yolk
Dash of cayenne pepper

Into the old fashioned glass put the cognac, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, catsup and bitters. Stir very well. Add two ice cubes and again stir very well. Put a yolk of egg on top of the drink without breaking yolk. Sprinkle yolk lightly with cayenne pepper. Swallow. Grit your teeth. Open your eyes very slowly.

MORNING FIZZ

For those who like something light and bubbly to clear a dark-brown mouth, the morning fizz is recommended.

1 jigger rye whiskey
1 egg white
Juice of ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
2 dashes Pernod

Place all ingredients in a cocktail shaker with ice. Shake very well. Strain into an eight-ounce glass. Add siphon water, stirring until glass is filled.

CLAM JUICE COCKTAIL

For men who want a non alcoholic pick-me-up a snappy clam juice cocktail, prepared in a cocktail shaker with ice, is a wonderful bracer. Bottled clam juice may be used.

4 ozs. clam juice (wine glass full)
2 teaspoons catsup
Dash each of salt, celery salt and pepper
Juice of ¼ lemon
Dash of Worcestershire sauce

Put all ingredients in a cocktail shaker with ice. Shake very well. Strain into a six- or seven-ounce glass. This is either for fainthearts or for people whose hangovers are so fearful they simply cannot stand the notion of morning-after booze.

SUISESSE

Barney, the chief bartender and one of the stockholders in the Absinthe House, a New York restaurant which is one of the literary crowd's hangouts, holds for the Suisesse. "One makes you feel better," says Barney, "two help a lot more . . . and the third one, well, watch out for it. It sneaks up on you."

⅓ oz. anisette
⅔ oz. Pernod
Dash of lemon juice
White of an egg
Shake, strain as you pour.

SUFFERN BAWSTARD

At Los Angeles' Bel Air Hotel, chief bartender Lou Harvey offers both his sympathy and a drink said to have originated at the old Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, Egypt. It is called the suffern bawstard.

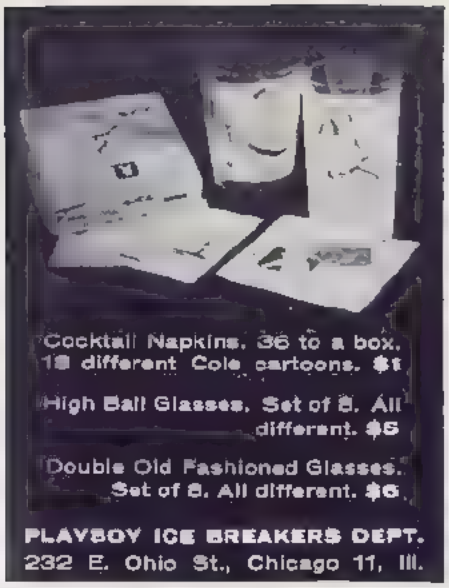
½ oz. gin
½ oz. brandy
½ oz. Rose's lime juice
Dash of angostura bitters

Build over crushed ice, fill with ginger ale, decorate with a slice of lime and a sprig of mint.

There are those who believe, with Eddie Condon, that prettied up drinks such as the above are much too time-consuming to make. Condon's classic cure has been quoted endlessly, but it bears repetition: "You take the juice," he says, "of two quarts of whiskey." Others believe that any drink is too risky, unless taken with food. Vic Mehaffey, bartender at the Stevens House in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, serves his customers vanilla ice cream with crème de menthe poured over it.

None of the above are cures; all are nothing more than tide-overs. As Dr. Ferdinand C. Helwig and Walton H. Smith have pointed out in their monumental boozeology, *Liquor, the Servant of Man*, untold riches and fame await the genius who finally comes up with a sure, swift remedy for the hangover. From time to time it is reported that the Brothers Mayo are at work on a hangover remedy or a new kind of tranquilizer which will automatically do away with the hangover in a trice. This is pure gossip and rumor, not based in fact, according to a spokesman for the clinic. The chances are that man will never find a hangover pill because the ailment is composed of too many different elements, both physical and mental. Robert Benchley made what may be the ultimate comment on the subject:

"There is no cure for the hangover," Benchley said, "save death."



AUTOMATIC SWIZZLE STICK

Absolutely the last thing in mechanized drinking. This battery-operated stirrer saves precious time between drinks, can be operated by even the most unsteady hand, and is a clever and amusing addition to your bar set. Chrome and leather handle contains flashlight battery and small electric motor. Only $5.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send check or money order to

Bar Boutique
Box #3376 Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54, Illinois

DIFFICULT HUSBAND

(continued from page 54)

in my briefcase—grippe plays hell with a guy's memory. Scratching around, the chick comes across *The Difficult Husband*, and sends Sam that. A stroke of genius!—I must give her a raise. But Sam is short on ethics. He by-passed my office and cabled the defunct Fedora, hoping he'd sign along the dotted line and remember too late that he should have got my expert advice on what's bound to be the trickiest of contracts. If ever there was a thieving dog!"

"Yes," I said "*if* Fedora had been the author, and *if* you'd been his agent, you'd have a right to complain. But, let's face it, you've no standing at all. So calm down! I suggest we call on Gelabert. He can probably supply supper."

Night had fallen windily, after a day of unseasonable showers, and the path to Jaume's cottage is no easy one at the best of times. The ground was clayey and full of puddles; water cascaded from the trees. I lent Truscott a flashlight; but twice he tripped over an olive root and fell. He reached the cottage (kitchen, stable, well, single bedroom) in poor shape. I gave Jaume a brief outline of the situation, and we were soon sharing his *pa'm b'oli*: which means slices of bread dunked in unrefined olive oil, rubbed with a half tomato and sprinkled with salt. Raw onion, bitter olives and a glass of red wine greatly improve the dish. *Pa'm b'oli* was something of a test for Truscott, but he passed it all right, apart from letting oil drip on his muddied trousers.

He asked me to compliment Jaume on "this snug little shack. Say that I envy him. Say that we city folk often forget what real dyed-in-the-wool *natural* life can be!" Then he talked business. "Please tell our host that he's been sent no more than a basic contract. I'm surprised at the size of the advance, though: three thousand on signature, and two thousand more on the first night! Sam must think he's on to a good thing. Nevertheless, my long experience as a dramatic agent tells me that we can easily improve these terms, besides demanding a number of special arrangements. Fedora is dead; or we could fiction him into the contract as the author. Unlike Gelabert, he was a non-resident American citizen, and therefore nonliable to any tax at all on the property. Maybe we can still fiction it that way . . ."

"What is he saying?" asked Jaume.

"He wants to act as your agent in dealing with Señor Samstag, whom he doesn't trust. The rest of his speech is of no interest."

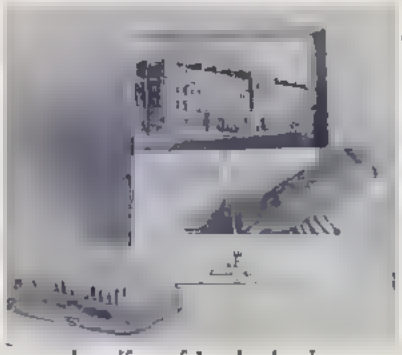
"Why should I trust this gentleman more than he trusts the other?"

"Because Willie chose Señor Truscott as his agent, and Samstag got the play

the **PLAYMATE** *garter*

FOR YOUR PLAYMATE
A tender tribute with a delicate touch. Dainty, feminine, petite . . . it will speak for you better than words. A garter of exceptional quality, made of lustrous black satin and filmy imported French lace . . . and embellished with an embroidered PLAYBOY Bunny. Shipped in transparent acetate gift box. Available with either black or white lace. $2 ppd.
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS©
232 E. Ohio St., Dept. 128C, Chicago 11, Ill.

FOR THE WELL-GROOMED GENTLEMAN



. . . these Kent of London brushes are, by far, the world's best. For over 180 years the name of KENT on a brush has been like the mark of Sterling on silver . . . the best . . . without peer. With a KENT you can be assured that you have the finest quality brush available. Handmade in every phase of their manufacture, the quality of these brushes comes from the hand-drawn bristles, a quality too often overlooked in machine-made brushes.

A must for the well-groomed man, and a solution to your gift buying problem for that hard-to-buy-for friend

The set of two matched brushes, attractively packaged $25.00

Send check or money order to: **Dept. 911**

Savoir-Faire
Box #3376 Merchandise Mart
Chicago 54, Illinois

from him."

Jaume solemnly held out his hand to Truscott.

"You were Willie's friend?" he asked. I translated.

"He was a very valued client of mine." But when Truscott produced an agency agreement from his briefcase, I gave Jaume a warning glance.

Jaume nodded. "I sign only what I can read and understand," he said. "My poor mother lost her share of the La Coma inheritance by trusting a lawyer who threw long words at her. Let us find a reliable notary public in the capital."

Truscott protested: "I'm not representing Gelabert until I'm sure of my commission."

'Quit that!" I said sharply. "You're dealing with a peasant who can't be either bullied or coaxed."

• • •

A cable came from Samstag: he was arriving by Swiss-Air next day. Mercurio asked Len, who happened to be in the postman's house, why so many prodigal telegrams were flying to and fro. Len answered: "They mean immense wealth for young Gelabert. His comedy, though rejected by Dom Enrique two years ago, is to be staged in New York."

"That moral standards are higher here than in New York does not surprise me," Mercurio observed. "Yet dollars are dollars, and Jaume can now laugh at us all, whatever the demerits of his play."

Len brought the cable to my house, where he embarrassed my by paying an old debt of two hundred pesetas (which I had forgotten), in the hope that I might deal him into the Broadway game. "I don't need much . . . just an itty-bitty part," he pleaded.

Why dash his hopes? Pocketing the two hundred pesetas, I said that his friend Bill would surely recommend him to Samstag.

Truscott and I met Samstag's plane at Palma airport. Spying Truscott among the crowd, he darted forward with scant respect for the Civil Guard who was shepherding the new arrivals through Customs, and grabbed his hand. "By all that's holy, Bill," he cried, "I'm glad to see you. This solves our great mystery! So that anonymous package emanated from you, did it?"

"Yes, it did, Sammy," said Truscott, "and, like all packages I've ever sent you, it was marked all over with my office stamp."

"Why, yes, my secretary did guess it might be yours, and called you at once but you were sick, and I couldn't get confirm . . ."

The Civil Guard then unslung his rifle and used the barrel-end to prod Samstag, a small, dark roly-poly of a man, back into line. Finally he emerged with his baggage and guessed that I was Mr. William Fedora. When Truscott undeceived him, he grew noticeably colder toward me, but the two were soon as thick as thieves, and no less suspicious of each other. Climbing into our taxi, Samstag lighted a large cigar, and turned away from me; so I asserted myself as a principal in the business. "I can use one of those," I said, stretching out a finger and thumb.

Startled, Samstag offered me his case. "Take a couple," he begged.

I took five, smelled and pinched them all, rejected three. "Don't mind me, boys!" I said through a fragrant cloud of smoke. "You haggle about the special arrangements. I'll manage the rest."

At this reminder of our compact, Truscott lustily enlarged on the strong hold I had on Señor Gelabert, assuring Samstag that without me he would get nowhere. Samstag gave him a noncommittal "Oh, yes?" and then went back to his discussion of out-of-town performances prior to a possible London première. Just before we sighted the village round the bend of our road, I tapped Samstag on the arm: "Look here, Sam, what told you that *The Difficult Husband* was God's gift to Broadway?"

"Not *what*, but *who*," he answered cheerfully. "It was Sharon, of course! Sharon always knows. She said: 'Pappy, believe me, this is going to be the hottest ticket in town.' So I cabled Fedora, and flew. She's only fourteen, my Sharon, and still studying at Saint Teresa's. You should see her grades: lousy isn't the word! And yet she always *knows* . . . Takes a script, sniffs it, reads three lines here, four there; spends a couple of minutes on Act Two; skips to the final curtain . . . Then"—Samstag lowered his voice and ended in a grave whisper—"then she goddamwell *pronounces*!"

"So you haven't read the script either? That makes three of us. What about having a look at it after supper? Or, to save time and eyesight, we might have Len Simkin—another thespian chum of yours, Sam—read it aloud to us?"

"If you insist. Perhaps Señor Gelabert has a copy. I haven't brought one myself—came here for business, not to hear a dramatic reading."

In fact, nobody had a script. But that did not prevent Samstag and Truscott from arguing Special Arrangements together at the village inn all the rest of the day, until everything seemed sewed up. The meeting with Señor Gelabert, they congratulated themselves, would be a mere formality.

Hair slicked, shoes well brushed, Jaume arrived at our rendezvous in his Sunday best, and showed impressive *sang-froid*. Early cares, ill luck and the tough barrack life at Melilla had made a man of him. After profuse congratulations, which Jaume shrugged off, Samstag sent for the village taxi and invited us both to dinner in Palma. Len, to his disappointment, was left behind. We chose Aqui Estamos, Majorca's most select restaurant, where Samstag kept slapping Jaume's shoulders and crying "*Amigo!*" varied with "*Magnifico!*" and asking me to translate Sharon's appreciative comments on the play, one of which was: "The name part couldn't be more like you, Pappy!" ("*El papel titular corresponde precisamente contigo, Papaito!*"). At this Jaume, now full of crayfish, asparagus, roast turkey, wild strawberries and champagne, smiled for the first time that evening. We wound up around three A.M. drinking more and worse champagne to the sound of flamenco in a gypsy nightclub. Truscott and Samstag, who were flying back together at eight A.M., had let themselves go properly; then good-byes could not have been warmer.

However, Jaume had stood by his guns: declining to commit himself until he could read the amended contract and get it approved by a reliable notary. Nor would he anticipate his good fortune by the purchase of so much as a pig, let alone an ass.

When Truscott finally sent me the document, Len offered his expert advice gratis—he knew all about Broadway contracts, and could tell at a glance whether anything was wrong. "Maybe Bill and Sammy did a crooked deal together," he suggested. "Of course, he's an old friend of mine, but in show business . . ."

Shaking Len off, I took the contract to Jaume's cottage. "A letter from Señor Samstag is attached," I told him. "Shall I read it first, or shall I first translate this document?"

"Maybe, Don Roberto, you should translate the letter first."

"Very well, then . . . It says here that Señor Samstag greatly enjoyed his visit to Majorca, and is delighted that we all see eye to eye, and that it only remains for you to sign the attached instrument, your agent, Señor Truscott, having agreed with him on the terms.

"Then, wait a bit . . . then the tone of the letter changes. While still considering the play to be superb, Señor Samstag suggests certain radical changes in the treatment. It is by no means good theatre yet, he writes. The Difficult Husband, for instance, remains too static a character: his actions are predictable, and so is the eventual victory of his wife. In a sophisticated play, the leading man's character must develop; and this development must be substantiated by brisk dialog. Here, the Husband should grow gradually less difficult, more *human*, as the action advances. Also, he should be granted an occasional small victory over his wife . . ."

Jaume's eyes were smoldering. "He says that, does he, the imbecile?"

I tried to smooth him down. "After all, show business people are apt to understand the market. They study it year

in, year out."

"Read on!"

"He insists that the scene where the couple quarrel about household accounts must be changed. Let the husband, instead, teach his wife how to manage something else, something *visible*'—say, a television set or a garbage disposer. 'In the theatre we want to *see* things,' he writes. 'Then, when the wife wins his permission to take a long cruise and pretends that she has gone, but stays ashore to save household money—this is most unconvincing! Let her go for her health, really go, and fall in love with a handsome adventurer on the ship! Her husband can get comically jealous at the beginning of the Third Act . . .'"

"Stop!" Jaume roared. "Why does this fellow first telegraph that my play is magnificent, and now want to change it altogether, though offering me the same immense sum of money?"

"Patience, Jaume! He cabled 'Bravo!' because he hadn't read your play. Now he writes the reverse because he still hasn't read it. Knowing you to be inexperienced he naturally entrusts *The Difficult Husband* to his assistants, who are expert play-doctors. The suggestions you so dislike emanate from these play-doctors. If you will not rewrite the play, that task necessarily falls to them, or to someone working under their direction."

"Then it will no longer be mine?"

"Oh, yes, it will be! You're protected by the contract. Your name will flash out in red, green and yellow neon lights from the front of the theatre, and you will get the big money. Play-doctors get no more than their salaries. They can't *write* plays; they can only rewrite them."

"Willie would never have agreed!"

"Are you sure?"

"Willie would not have changed a single word! He had a stubborn nature."

"Well, I admit that this letter sounds nonsense—not that I've read *The Difficult Husband* . . . But you are faced by a clear choice. Either fight for every word of your play, and be lucky if you keep one in ten; or else refuse to sign the contract."

"Enough, enough, Don Roberto! My mind is made up. The devil take this contract! If Señor Samstag's assistants care to rewrite my play, very good! Let them spin a coin to decide who shall be the author. I will sell *The Difficult Husband* outright, making no conditions whatsoever, except that Señor Samstag must pay me a sum down, in pesetas, and—*pff!*—that's it! . . . What might he pay?"

I told him: "Fortunately it's not a case of buying your *name*: he's only buying your story. Since the Señorita Samstag believes in it so strongly, he might be good for ten thousand dollars—around half a million pesetas. That's nothing for a producer like Samstag."

Jaume said slowly: "Not having yet signed my agreement with Señor Truscott, I am still my own master. Let us telegraph Señor Samstag that, if he flies here again, a new one-page contract will be awaiting him at the notary's."

"And Señor Truscott?"

"For three hundred thousand I can become the Lord of La Coma which is in the market now; so, since Señor Truscott envies me this cottage, he may have it and welcome. I will add a terrace or two, to round off the property. As for the lemon grove and olives, which are worth far more, they are yours, Don Roberto."

"Many thanks, Jaume; but I want nothing but your friendship. We should dispatch your message at once."

• • •

Three days later Samstag flew in, delighted not to find Bill Truscott about. "Agents create unnecessary complications between friends, don't you think?" he asked us. A one-page contract in legal Spanish was easily agreed upon, and Samstag had arranged for the necessary pesetas. They went straight into an account which Jaume opened at the Bank of Spain.

As we drove home from Palma, Jaume said the last word on the subject: "What can be done with a man who complains that a play is dramatically bad before he even reads it? *The Difficult Husband*, as many Majorcans know, though perhaps few Americans, enjoyed a remarkable success at the *Ciné Moderno* some years ago. My poor mother took me there. The film ran for three whole weeks. Only an imbecile would wish to change its plot. It was called—what was it called?—ah, now I remember: *La Vida Con Papa*. How does one say that in English, Don Roberto? *The Life with Daddy*?"

"I'll buy it!"

PLAYBOY
READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

ATCO Records 17
Bachelor Party Tours 75
Rick Byron Originals 14
Hallicrafters Co. 17
Heathkits 17
Liberty Records 10
Portofino Sweaters 17
RCA Victor Records 18
Shaw-White Fi-Rack 16
Somerset Stereo Records 15
Stereoddities Album 74
Viking Stereo Equipment 10
Warner Bros. Records 14

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

_____

_____

_____

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

SEND PLAYBOY EVERY MONTH

☐ 3 yrs. for $14
☐ 1 yr. for $6
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill later

TO:

_____
name

_____
address

_____
city zone state

Mail to **PLAYBOY**
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois
016

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

MARCH IS MOOMBA TIME in Melbourne, Australia. Moomba, in fact, is a splendid term for any young man's vocabulary, because it's a "Let's have fun" directive to the woman of your choice (further interpretation purely up to you and your femme). In Australia in March it serves as the title of a festival that encompasses sports parades, aquatic carnivals, massed bands and wandering minstrels, fireworks and giddy Australian girls. Since March means rock-bottom rates on the luxury cruisers, you can join the Moomba scene — and sample Tahiti, Fiji, Samoa and New Zealand, too — for about $20 a day.

You can Moomba a bit closer to home in March, too, if you prefer, by joining the "College Weeks" fling in Puerto Rico. A string of special events includes an outdoor pork barbecue, a nightclub party, a beach picnic and a hotel-supper club dinner.

Instead of returning to northern sleet, you might board the liner Ariadne in March for a run that takes in Havana, Jamaica, the Virgin Isles, Curacao and Trinidad, then glides down to the Brazilian coast for a glimpse at Belém before sailing 1000 miles up the jungle-banked Amazon to Santarém and Manaus. It's a 31-day romp guaranteed to provide a fashionable tan and a suitcaseful of souvenirs.

For back-home whoopee in March, sit in at the Stoneybrook Steeplechase at Southern Pines in North Carolina or drop in on the "sugaring off" festivities in Vermont and New Hampshire for a taste of freshly boiled maple syrup transformed into cool candy in the snow. For a less subtle, but just as memorable, roundup, join the rattlesnake hunt at Okeene, Oklahoma, where hundreds of partisans equipped with burlap bags and forked sticks invade Salt Lake Canyon in search of rattlers. If you don't hanker to get caught in the winter Olympic crush but would still like to sample Western schussing, try a ski trip to Washington State, where five ski areas — the Snoqualmie Summit–Ski Acres–New Hyak Ski Bowl area, Mount Spokane, White Pass, Stevens Pass, Mount Baker and Olympic Peninsula — are within auto reach of several Washington home bases.

For those who prefer their ice in a frosted glass, March is the time to join the Mardi Gras madness in New Orleans. Let the warm-hearted blues of Bourbon Street keynote your stay. Make it to the Cajun Bar of the Pontchartrain Hotel and, of course, to Antoine's and the Absinthe House, where the elite still meet to feast.

Moving westward, board a Continental Airlines flight to Los Angeles, then step aboard a Pan-American jet to Hawaii for a Waikiki ramble. In nine days you survey the *From Here to Eternity* kingdom, shop in the exotic import dens of Waikiki's Kalakaua Avenue, sip and savor in Polynesian fashion, explore the locales of Hawaiian legends, and simply succumb to the charm of the Pacific.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

NEXT MONTH:

P. G. WODEHOUSE—HIS FIRST "JEEVES" NOVEL IN FIVE YEARS, COMPLETE IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

JAYNE MANSFIELD—EXCEPTIONAL PHOTOS OF A FORMER PLAYMATE

HARVEY KURTZMAN—A GREAT SATIRIST RIBS "LADY CHATTERLEY"

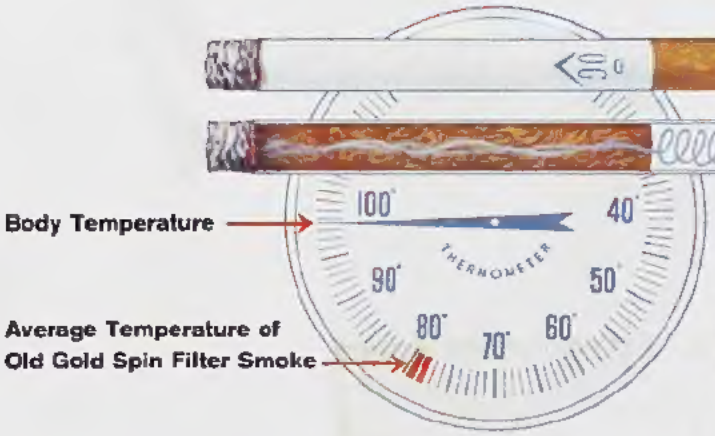
1960 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS—WINNERS OF THE FOURTH JAZZ POLL

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man for whom a dinner date is a regular and important event, to be enjoyed in the proper surroundings and with a verve and elegance worthy of the beautiful girl who keeps him company; a young urban man who enjoys the best and for whom the size of the tab is no great concern. Facts: Median age: 28.6 years. A larger percentage of PLAYBOY households are located in the important 168 metropolitan areas and enjoy a higher income than the households of any other men's magazines. Source: Consumer Magazine Report by Daniel Starch and Staff, 1959.

PLAYBOY ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, MI 2-1000
720 Fifth Ave., New York, CI 5-2620

Old Gold's Spin Filter spins and cools the smoke to less than body temperature



The Spin Filter does more than reduce tar and nicotine . . . it actually improves smoking taste. Every puff spins and cools the smoke to less than body temperature. You get the full, rich taste of fine tobaccos—the best taste yet in a filter cigarette.

©1958, P. LORILLARD CO.

and the cooler the smoke ...the better the taste!

THE BEST TASTE YET IN A FILTER CIGARETTE